

PUTNAM'S - MAGAZINE -

AND THE READER

- FEBRUARY -



VOL. V.
No 5

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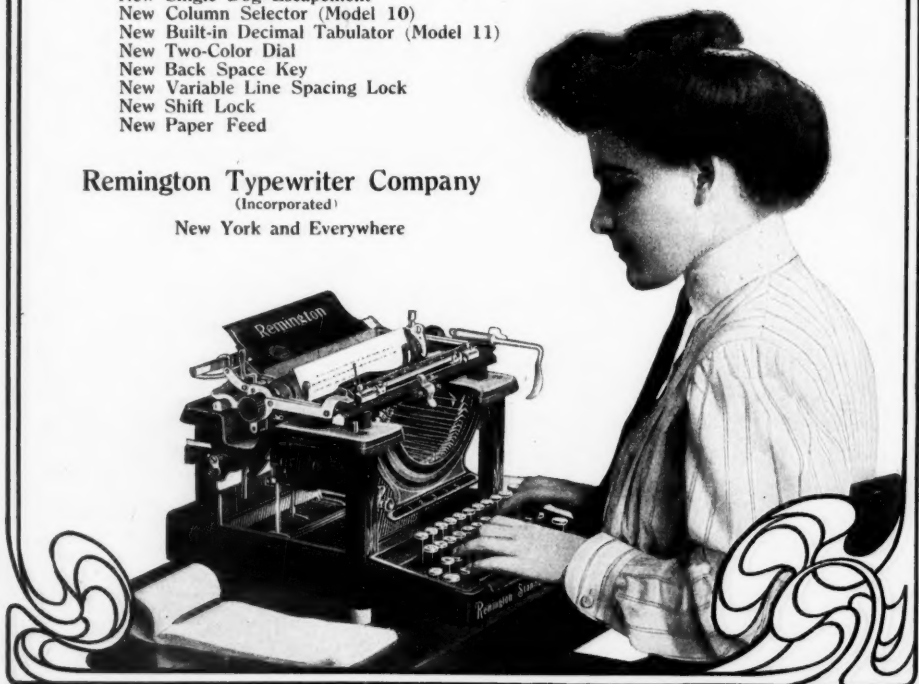
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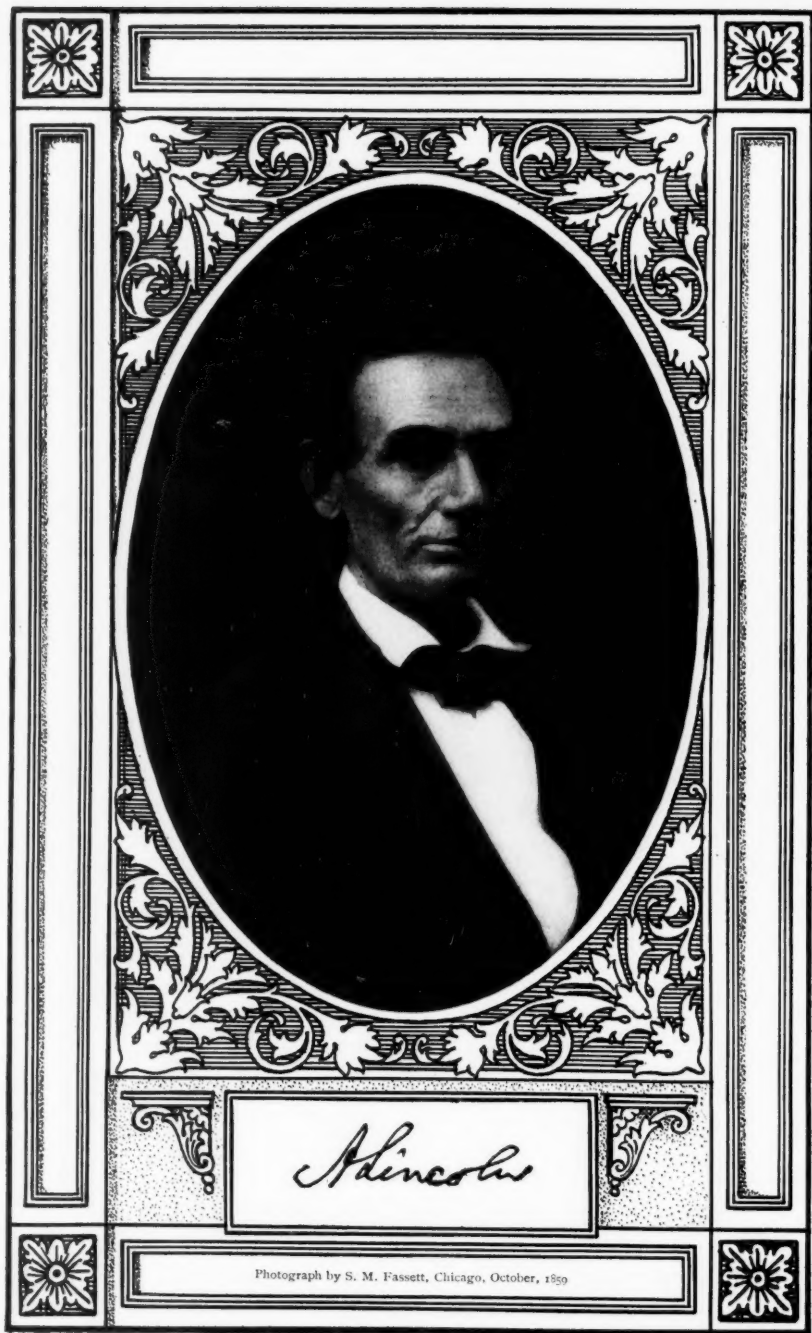
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New York and Everywhere



Printed at The Knickerbocker Press





PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

VOL. V

FEBRUARY, 1909

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RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN

By JAMES GRANT WILSON



Y first talk, face to face with this most extraordinary man was in the autumn of 1858, when he was in the midst of his celebrated debating contest in Illinois with Senator Douglas. I was introduced to him by Judge Treat, one of my father's friends. We found him in a shabby little uncarpeted law office over a grocer's shop in Springfield. He was of unusual height, six feet four, being three inches taller than Washington and nearly nine inches taller than Grant. His face was rugged and swarthy, with coarse, rebellious dark hair; his arms and legs seemed to me the longest I had ever seen. His hands and feet were huge but well shaped, and his grayish-brown eyes were perhaps the saddest I ever saw. However, when a good story was told, whether by himself or another, his homely face lighted up till he was positively handsome.

Many things that were said during that hour's interview still linger in my memory. I ventured to inquire

from what part of the country his ancestors came, and Mr. Lincoln answered: "Well, my young friend, I believe the first of our ancestors we know anything about was Samuel Lincoln, who came from Norwich, England, in 1638, and settled in a small Massachusetts place called Hingham, or it might have been Hanghim—which was it, Judge?"

Something was said about the wildcat Western currency of seventy years ago, a species of paper money then worth about as much as Confederate bills were worth after Lee's surrender at Appomattox. (At the latter time a parcel containing over a thousand dollars was offered to me in Mobile by a Southerner, who said he would be glad to accept a five-dollar greenback in exchange for it, which he did.) Mr. Lincoln's story was that he was going down the Mississippi. Fuel was getting low, and the captain directed the pilot to steer in to the first woodpile he saw on the river bank. When the steamer reached one, the captain said to the owner on shore, "Is that your wood?" "Certainly." "Do you want to sell it?" "Yes." "Will you ac-

cept wildcat currency?" "Certainly." "How will you take it?" said the captain; to which the owner promptly replied: "Cord for cord!"

Judge Treat mentioned to Mr. Lincoln that he had heard some interesting stories of Washington recently related to me at Arlington by Mr. Custis, the General's adopted son, who lived with him at Mount Vernon for eighteen years—among other facts, that Washington was perhaps the strongest man of his day and generation, and that in his youth he was a famous wrestler, never having been thrown. Said Mr. Lincoln: "It is rather a curious thing, my young friend, but that is exactly my record. I could outlift any man in Southern Illinois when I was young, and I never was thrown. There was a big fellow named Jack Armstrong, strong as a Russian bear, that I could not put down; nor could he get me on the ground. If George was loafing around here now, I should be glad to have a tussle with him, and I rather believe that one of the plain people of Illinois would be able to manage the aristocrat of old Virginia." Mr. Lincoln was very fond of being known as one of the plain people. I frequently heard him use the expression. On one occasion he said: "I think the Lord must love the plain people, he has made so many of them."

Another droll story that still lingers in my memory was of Lincoln attending a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois Lunatic Asylum near Springfield. The long hall being rather chilly, he thought it would be well to wear his hat. As he passed along, a little lunatic darted out from a door and confronting him exclaimed: "Sir, I am amazed that you should presume to wear your hat in the presence of Christopher Columbus!" "I beg your pardon, Mr. Columbus," replied Mr. Lincoln, removing his hat and proceeding to the meeting. Returning half an hour later, having forgotten the incident, and wearing his hat as before, he was again accosted by the little man, who, drawing him-

self up, said in severe tones: "Sir, I am astounded that you should dare to wear your hat in the presence of General Washington!" "Pray excuse me, General," and Mr. Lincoln took off his high hat, "but it seems to me that less than an hour ago you said you were Christopher Columbus." "Oh yes, that is quite correct; but that was by another mother!"

Three days after my first interview with Mr. Lincoln, I was invited to dine with Stephen A. Douglas in Chicago, the only other guest being Governor Aiken of South Carolina. There was some conversation about Lincoln, and the Senator told the story of the Lincoln-Shields duel, his version differing widely from the usually accepted account. Certain articles had appeared in the Springfield paper, he said, reflecting on James Shields, at that time a schoolmaster. According to the Senator, Lincoln, Shields and himself were rival candidates for the hand of Mary Todd. After the campaign had been carried on for several months, it was announced that Abe Lincoln was the accepted suitor. But Shields persisted in paying attention to the young lady, much to her annoyance as well as to Lincoln's.

Finally an unsigned paragraph appeared in the Springfield journal, written by Miss Todd, purporting to be an old lady's advice to a granddaughter, warning her, among many other things, against allowing her hand to be held unduly long by Irish schoolmasters. The allusion was instantly recognized in the little community of fifteen hundred, and Shields threatened to chastise the editor unless he revealed the writer's name. The editor said he would not divulge it without the author's consent. "If you will return in fifteen minutes, I will give you an answer." Shields departed, and the editor ran around to Lincoln's office and stated what had occurred, saying: "Abe, what shall I do?" "Tell Shields I wrote it," Lincoln replied. Promptly came a challenge, which was as promptly accepted. Lincoln chose cavalry swords for weapons, and Bloody

Island in the Mississippi was selected as the scene of the duel. The day was clear and cold, and while the seconds were arranging the preliminaries Lincoln, to warm himself, began mowing the grass. When Shields, said Douglas, saw the giant figure swinging a long sword like a scythe, he leaned against a huge elm, and fainted with fright! And so ended the bloodless duel.

During the years 1859-60 I frequently met Mr. Lincoln when his legal engagements called him to Chicago, where I was publishing and editing a literary journal called the *Record*, with an office in Portland Block. On the sixth story of the large Dearborn Street building, the sculptor, Leonard W. Volk, had his studio. I happened to meet Mr. Lincoln on the stairway, about the middle of April, 1860, and he informed me that he was giving sittings to Mr. Volk for a portrait bust; when he came down he would stop and see my sanctum. He did so, and as he looked around at the large, carpeted room, with its well-filled book-case, some attractive pictures, and busts of Shakespeare and Burns, he said: "Well, I never saw an editorial office like this before. It don't seem to resemble my Springfield law shop that you saw two winters ago." He

was particularly interested in the busts on learning that I had brought them from Stratford and Ayr respectively, saying: "They are my two favorite authors, and I must manage to see their birthplaces some day, if I can contrive to cross the Atlantic." By appointment, Mr. Lincoln stopped the following morning at my office for me to accompany him, and we went up the four pair of stairs together in a trial of speed. His long legs took him three steps at a stride; but I was quicker with my shorter stride of two steps, so we arrived at the goal neck and neck, to the intense amusement of the astonished sculptor who awaited us at the head of the stairs.

The previous day Volk had made a plaster cast of Lincoln's face (now in the National Museum at Washington, together with the casts of his hands which he made later), to aid him in making his well-known bust. During the hour that Lincoln remained in the studio, he poured out an almost unceasing stream of drolleries, while Volk was modelling the clay. My recollection is that Lincoln gave the sculptor six or more sittings of from one to several hours in duration. The original plaster bust is now in the possession of the sculptor's only son, Douglas Volk, a well-known painter, whose present home is in

*Original Manuscript of
second Inaugural presented
to Major John Hay.*

Abraham Lincoln

April 10. 1865

Hymn Yellow Anniversary

L

At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention, and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it - all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in

the city seeking to destroy it without war seek-
ing to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by ne-
gotiations. Both parties deprecated war; but one
of them would make war rather than let the
nation survive; and the other would accept
war rather than let it perish. And the war
came.

One eighth of the whole
population were colored slaves, not distri-
buted generally over the Union, but localized
in the Southern ^{part} of it. These slaves con-
stituted a peculiar and powerful interest.
All knew that this interest was, somehow,
the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpet-
uate, and extend this interest was the ob-
ject for which the insurgents would rend
the Union, even by war; while the govern-
ment claimed no right to do more than
to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.
Neither party expected for the war, the mag-
nitude, or the duration, which it has already
attained. Neither anticipated that

the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered; that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences!" for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!" If we shall suppose that American Slavery is one of those offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South, this terrible war, as the woe due to those

by whom the offence came, shall we discern there-
in any departure from those divine attributes
which the believers in a living God always
ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope— fervent-
ly do we pray— that this mighty scourge of
war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God
wills that it continue, until all the wealth
piled by the bond-man's two hundred and
fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk,
and until every drop ^{of} blood drawn with the
lash, shall be paid by another drawn with
the sword, as was said three thousand years
ago, so still it must be said "the judgments
of the Lord, are true and righteous altogether"

With malice toward none;
with charity for all; with firmness in the
right, as God gives us to see the right,
let us strive on to finish the work we
are in; to bind up the nation's wounds;
to care for him who shall ^{have} borne the bat-
tle, and for his widow, and his orphan—
to do all which may achieve and cherish a just,
and a lasting peace, among ourselves, and with ^{all nations,} ~~the world.~~

Maine, while the original marble bust was destroyed in the Chicago Historical Society building during the great fire of 1871. Volk's life-size statues of Douglas and Lincoln are in the Illinois State House at Springfield.

A few months before Lincoln's nomination, which I witnessed in the immense Chicago "Wigwam," hearing, among others, the inspiring speech of George William Curtis, I visited the venerable James K. Paulding, the friend and literary partner of Washington Irving, at his residence near Hyde Park on the Hudson. The author of "The Dutchman's Fireside," who was Secretary of the Navy in Van Buren's administration and of course a good Democrat, expressed great interest in Lincoln, having read all the speeches made by him in his debate with Douglas, which I had sent him. He then surprised me by saying that in the summer of 1842, after Mr. Van Buren had completed his term as President, they made a tour to the West, proceeding as far as Illinois, and spending a day or two in Chicago, then a small and unattractive town. Later, when on their way to Springfield, they were delayed by impassable roads and compelled to spend the night at Rochester, several miles from the capital. Some of the ex-President's Springfield friends, knowing the wretched accommodations of the place, came there bringing bottles and other refreshments to entertain the party at the country inn. "The Democrats," said Mr. Paulding, "also brought with them your Whig friend, Lincoln, to aid in entertaining the New Yorkers. Thanks to his anecdotes and descriptions of Western life, together with other witty stories, we passed a joyous evening in the little prairie tavern. If the tall Illinoisian receives the nomination for President, as you think very possible, I believe I shall be tempted to vote for him." During Mr. Lincoln's first administration, I inquired if he remembered meeting Van Buren and Paulding,

and he replied that he had very agreeable recollections of the delightful evening spent at Rochester with the two distinguished Democrats. The President was much interested in my stating that Paulding contemplated voting for him, but that before the nomination he had followed his friend Irving, as if he had only waited to gather up and carry to him the grateful homage of their common country. Irving died in November, 1859; Paulding in April, 1860.

Soon after Lincoln's election, he held a reception in the principal hotel of Chicago. For several hours a continuous procession of his friends and admirers passed before him, many of them old and intimate acquaintances. It was amusing to observe Lincoln's unfeigned enjoyment, and to hear his hearty greetings in answer to familiar friends who exclaimed, "How are you, Abe?" he responding in like manner with "Hello, Bill!" or "Jack," or "Tom," alternately pulling or pushing them along with his powerful hand and arm, saying: "There's no time to talk now, boys; we must not stop this big procession; so move on."

More than two years later, General Grant gave me leave of absence to go to Washington to visit a younger brother who, having been mortally wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg, had been removed to the Georgetown hospital. After seeing my brother I called at the White House, and the President said: "How are affairs progressing with the Western armies? and what brings you to Washington?" When informed, he remarked: "If you will come in this afternoon at four o'clock, we will walk over to Georgetown and see the young captain."

On arriving at the White House, I found a Congressman in earnest conversation with the President. Looking at me as if I were an intruder, the politician stopped and Mr. Lincoln said: "It is all right—we are going out together; so turn on your

Executive Mansion.

Washington, March 15 1865

Thurlow Wead, Esq.

My dear Sir.

Every one likes a compliment, thank you for yours on my little notification speech, and on the recent Inaugural Address. I expect the latter to wear as well as — perhaps better than — anything I have produced; but I believe it is not immediately popular. Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of opinion between the Aboligists and them. To deny it, however, in this case, is to deny that there is a God governing the world, it is a point which I thought needless to be told, and, as a whole of humiliation there is in it, felt more directly on ^{myself}, I thought others might offend for me to tell it.

Yours truly

A. Lincoln.

oratory." So the member resumed, talking vigorously for five minutes or more, in behalf of his constituent, an applicant for some office. The President, looking critically on the right side of his face and then on the left, remarked, in an interested manner: "Why, John, how close you do shave." That was the way in which he baffled the office-seekers; and although the Congressman was disappointed, of course, he could not avoid laughing. After his departure I said, "Mr. President, is that the way you manage the politicians?" and he answered: "Well, Colonel, you must not sup-

pose you have all the strategy in the army."

When we arrived at the hospital, Mr. Lincoln saw, or thought he saw, a strong resemblance between my brother and his favorite son Willie, who had recently died. This interested him so deeply that the following afternoon Mrs. Lincoln drove out with us, and she too saw the likeness. During the fortnight that my brother survived, the President visited him several times, and Mrs. Lincoln sent the young soldier little delicacies made by herself. This incident is introduced chiefly to illustrate the fact that the President

was one of the tenderest-hearted of men.

One day the President and the Secretary of State, accompanied by a young staff-officer, attended a review near Arlington on the opposite side of the Potomac. An ambulance drawn by four mules was provided. When the party arrived on the Virginia side of the river, where the roads were rough and badly cut by artillery and army trains, the driver had so much difficulty with the team, in his efforts to prevent the wheels dropping into the ruts, that he lost his temper and began to swear; the worse the roads became, the greater became his profanity. At last the President said, in his pleasant manner: "Driver, my friend, are you an Episcopalian?" Greatly astonished, the man made answer: "No, Mr. President, I ain't much of anything; but if I go to church at all, I go to the Methodist Church." "Oh, excuse me," replied Lincoln, with a smile, and a twinkle in his eye; "I thought you must be an Episcopalian, for you swear just like Secretary Seward, and he's a churchwarden!"

Two years passed, and I was again in Washington, remaining on duty there for more than three months. Late one evening when I dined with the President, the Secretary of State and Mr. E. B. Washburne, member of Congress from Galena, Illinois, were announced. Mr. Seward said they desired to show the large gold medal, just received from the Philadelphia Mint, which was voted by Congress to General Grant for the capture of Vicksburg. Mr. Lincoln, approaching a small centre-table on which there was a drop-light, opened the morocco case containing the medal upside down.

After a long pause, the writer ventured to remark, "What is the obverse of the medal, Mr. President?" He looked up, and turning to Mr. Seward, said, "I suppose by his obverse the Colonel means t' other side!" There was no sting in this, and the victim joined in the general laugh. Indeed,

Lincoln was too kind-hearted to exercise his trenchant power of repartee. "Wit laughs *at* everybody," he said; "humor laughs *with* everybody." The President's jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the sea of troubles that almost overwhelmed him, he affected a serenity that he was far from feeling, and his fun and mirth at momentous epochs were censured by dullards who could not comprehend their philosophy.

The following anecdotes and incidents belong to January and February, 1865. "A frontiersman," said Mr. Lincoln, "lost his way in an uninhabited region on a dark and tempestuous night. The rain fell in torrents, accompanied by terrible thunder and more terrific lightning. To increase his trouble his horse halted, being exhausted with fatigue and fright. Presently a bolt of lightning struck a neighboring tree, and the crash brought the man to his knees. He was not an expert in prayer, but his appeal was short and to the point: 'Oh, good Lord, if it is all the same to you, give us a little more light, and a little less noise!'"

Something led Mr. Lincoln one evening to mention the fact that David Tod, the war Governor of Ohio, who declined his invitation to succeed Chase as Secretary of the Treasury, had occasion to visit Washington in 1863, on government business. During an interview the President remarked: "You are perhaps aware, Governor, that my wife is a member of the Todd family of Kentucky, and they all spell their name with two d's. How is it that you use but one?" "Mr. President, God spells his name with one *d*, and one is enough for the Governor of Ohio."

I called at the White House once with Isaac N. Arnold, a member of Congress from Chicago, who afterwards wrote an admirable biography of Lincoln. In the course of conversation the President expressed his admiration for Dr. Holmes's poem "The Last Leaf," and said that his

favorite hymns were Toplady's "Rock of Ages," and the one beginning:

Father, whate'er of
earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will
denies.

His favorite poem, he said, was one entitled "Mortality," the author of which he had failed to discover, although he had tried to do so for twenty years. I was pleased to be able to inform him that it was written by William Knox, a young Scottish poet who died in 1825. He was greatly interested, and was still more gratified by the receipt, not long afterwards, of a collection of Knox's Poems, containing his favorite, which had appeared in hundreds of news-

papers throughout the country, and had been frequently attributed to him. A few days later I received a characteristic note of thanks for the volume. This much-prized letter was abstracted by some Lincoln admirer, a score of years ago, from a large autograph book containing my most precious literary treasures.

Another evening the President told a few intimate friends of an unknown person applying to the Secretary of State for a foreign mission, preferably to France. Mr. Seward informed his visitor that the position was not vacant. "Well how about Berlin?" That post also was held by an estimable gentleman. "Can you make me Consul to Liverpool?" "No, for the place is satisfactorily filled." "Perhaps you can appoint me to a clerkship in the State Department." Upon being informed by the

William H. Seward
W. P. A. Seward
Abraham M. Stanton
Gideon Welles
Edw. Bates
Mr. Blair
C. P. M. H. W.
August 23. 1864.

SIGNATURES OF MEMBERS OF THE CABINET, DATED BY MR. LINCOLN

Secretary that he was sorry there was no vacancy, the obscure individual in the threadbare coat said: "Well, then, will you lend me five dollars?"

The day before the President left Washington for Gettysburg, he prepared a brief address on two sheets of White House paper, to be delivered after Edward Everett's oration. On the morning of the nineteenth of November, 1863, at Gettysburg, he wrote with a pencil the concluding portion of the address, which was substituted for the second sheet of the Washington draft written two days previous; and this is what has been frequently reproduced as the original. According to the testimony received from his private secretaries, Nicolay and Hay, who were present, Mr. Lincoln did not use the manuscript in delivering his immortal ad-

Four score and seven years ago our fathers
brought forth, upon this continent, a new nation, con-
ceived in Liberty and dedicated to the proposition
that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, test-
ing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived,
and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met
here on a great battle-field of that war. We ^{have}
~~come~~ ^{come} to dedicate a portion of it as ^a ~~the~~ final rest-
ing place ^{for} of those who here gave their lives that
that nation might live. It is altogether fitting
and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we can not dedicate—
we can not consecrate—we can not hallow this
ground. The brave men, living and dead, who slug-
ger here, have consecrated it far above our ^{poor} power
to add or detract. The world will little note,
nor long remember, what we say here, but
can never forget what they did here. It is
for us, the living, rather to be dedicated
here to the unfinished ^{work}, which they have,
thus far, so nobly carried on. It is rather

for us to be here dedicated to the great
 task remaining before^{us}— that from these
 honored dead we take increased devotion
 to ^{that} the cause for which they here gave ~~you~~
 the last full measure of devotion— that
 we here highly resolve that these dead
 shall not have died in vain; that this
 nation shall have a new birth of freedom;
 and that this government of the people, by
 the people, for the people, shall not perish
 from the earth.

FACSIMILE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S FIRST AUTOGRAPH COPY OF THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS as
 actually delivered, MADE FOR JOHN HAY ON THE PRESIDENT'S RETURN FROM THE DEDICATORY
 EXERCISES, AND NOW FIRST PHOTOGRAPHED AND ENGRAVED FOR PUTNAM'S MONTHLY

dress, but departed from it in several particulars. On his return to Washington, at the request of Major Hay the President wrote down what he had actually said. This precious document is really the genuine original of the Gettysburg address as delivered; for the copy made for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair at Baltimore in 1864, with the title and date, as well as the autograph signature, was made several months later, and has often been facsimiled, being known as the standard version. George Bancroft's copy was of about the same date as this. The copy here given is in the possession of Mrs. John Hay, who is also the fortunate owner of the equally valuable manuscript of the Second Inaugural address. Through her gracious courtesy, these priceless historic relics are now first reproduced in facsimile.

En passant, the writer may perhaps be permitted to mention that he is the fortunate possessor of a precious memorial of the martyr-President and five other great heirs of fame, in a ring which contains the hair of Washington, Hamilton, Napoleon, Wellington, Lincoln and Grant. The first was received from Washington's adopted son, G. W. P. Custis of Arlington, Virginia; the second from Hamilton's widow, when she was ninety-six and he sixteen; the third from Captain Frederick Lahrbush of the Sixtieth Rifles, who guarded Napoleon at St. Helena, after being at Waterloo; Wellington's hair from his eldest son, the second Duke; and Grant's and Lincoln's from the Presidents themselves. When the author of this article asked Mr. Lincoln, on his last birthday, for a lock of

his hair to add to Washington's and Hamilton's, he said, "Help yourself, Colonel."

I was so fortunate as to be within a few yards of the President when he delivered, on the east portico of the National Capitol, on the morning of Saturday, March 4, 1865, the famous Second Inaugural Address, which is one of the gems of the English language. Clouds hung like a pall in the sky, as if portending trouble and disaster; but as the tall form of the President appeared on the crowded colonnade, he was greeted with hearty cheers from thousands of throats. Almost immediately sunshine fell upon him as he began to read, in a strong high-pitched voice, what he believed to be the best of all his oratorical efforts. After the vigorous applause which followed its conclusion, the oath of office was administered by Chief Justice Chase, and the memorable inauguration ceremonial came to a close. In this, no less than in the briefer address previously delivered on the greatest battle-field of the New World, Lincoln reached a height to which the nineteenth century afforded no equal. Writing to Thurlow Weed ten days after its delivery, he expressed his own opinion of the address. (See letter on page 523.)

Breakfasting with Mr. Gladstone at his house in Harley Street, one of several guests introduced the name of Mr. Lincoln, and all enjoyed a few anecdotes of him, related by the writer. The distinguished statesman admitted his great qualities, and said that the President's Second Inaugural Address was "unquestionably a most striking and sublime utterance, not surpassed by any delivered during the nineteenth century."

During the six years and more that I was acquainted with our great Civil War President, I never saw him smoke, or use tobacco in any form, and but a few times observed him drink a glass of wine. Desiring to be confirmed in my impression as to his abstemious habits, I wrote to his secretary and biographer, the late

John G. Nicolay, who replied (April 7, 1900):

You can truthfully assert that President Lincoln was always absolutely truthful in thought, word and inference, that he never smoked or was profane, and generally that he never drank. The only qualification that could possibly be made on this last point is that he did sometimes at his own table and especially at State dinners, sip a little wine; but even then in a perfunctory way, in complying with a social custom, and not as doing it from any desire or initiative or habit of his own. You are quite correct in your recollection that the President read his second inaugural address and that he used spectacles. Colonel Hay possesses the original manuscript, and I have the original Gettysburg address. The great reputation of Mr. Lincoln as a relator of amusing anecdotes during his lifetime has attracted to his name, like Sydney Smith's, numberless stories to which he could have made no claim.

A few weeks after the inauguration, in company with Mr. Arnold, M. C., the writer called at the White House, and Mrs. Lincoln brought out the beautiful Bible used by Chief Justice Chase on that occasion in administering the oath to the President. The 27th and 28th verses of the 5th chapter of Isaiah were marked as the verses which Lincoln's lips had touched in kissing the open book. She was of the opinion that the text admonished him to be on his guard, and not to *relax* his efforts. The Bible was a gift from the Chief Justice to Mrs. Lincoln.

About the end of March, I accompanied to the theatre the President, Mrs. Lincoln and the young lady who was with him when the assassin's bullet closed his career a fortnight later. He sat in the rear of the box leaning his head against the partition, paying no attention to the play and looking so worn and weary that it would not have been surprising had his soul and body separated that very night. When the curtain fell after the first act, turning to him, I said,

"Mr. President, you are not apparently interested in the play." "Oh, no, Colonel," he replied; "I have not come for the play, but for the rest. I am being hounded to death by office-seekers, who pursue me early and late, and it is simply to get two or three hours' relief that I am here." After a slight pause he added: "I wonder if we shall be tormented in heaven with them, as well as with bores and fools?" He then closed his eyes, and I turned to the ladies.

A few moments later I felt Mr. Lincoln's heavy hand on my shoulder. Turning, to my great surprise I saw him sitting upright, his eyes gleaming with fun. "Colonel," he said, "did I ever tell you the story of Grant at the circus?" "No, Mr. President, but I shall be delighted to hear it." "Well, when Grant was about ten years old, a circus came to Point Pleasant, Ohio, where the family lived, and the boy asked his father for a quarter to go to the circus. As the old tanner would not give him the necessary coin, he crawled in under the canvas tent, as I used to do; for in those days," said the President, "I never possessed a quarter of a dollar. There was a clever mule in that circus that had been trained to throw his rider, and when he appeared in the ring it was announced that any one in the audience that would ride him once around the ring without being thrown would win a silver dollar. There were many candidates for the coin, but all were thrown over the animal's head. Finally the ring-master ordered the mule taken out, when Master Ulysses presented himself saying, 'Hold on, I will try that beast.' The boy mounted the mule, holding on longer than any of the others, but at length, when about seven-eighths of the ring had been achieved amid the cheers of the audience, the boy was thrown. Springing to his feet and throwing off his cap and coat, Ulysses shouted in a determined tone, 'I would like to try that mule again,' and again the audience cheered him. This time he resorted to strategy. He faced

to the rear, seized hold of the beast's tail instead of his head, which rather demoralized the mule, and so the boy went around the ring, winning the silver dollar. And," added the President, "just so General Grant will hold on to Bob Lee." Ten days later General Lee surrendered his army at Appomattox Court House.

Before we separated that evening the President said: "If you will come in to-morrow afternoon before your departure, I will give you my last photograph that has just been taken by Brady." The following day I received it with his name written in full. He seemed to have a presentiment, for "Now, my dear Colonel," he said, "perhaps you will value this after I am gone."

It seems but yesterday, when, on this occasion, I looked for the last time on his homely and honest face, which I had known when it was free from care, but now beheld careworn and haggard, and felt his still strong hand encircling mine as he said, "Good-bye, Colonel, and a safe journey to New Orleans. *Au revoir!*" adding with a laugh, "I hope my French pronunciation is correct. If not, how is this for German?—*Auf wiedersehen!*"

A fortnight later, I was awakened early in the morning at my home on the Hudson, by the tolling of the church-bells. When I inquired why they were ringing, I learned that Mr. Lincoln had been assassinated. General Grant once said to me that the day the President died was the saddest of his life, and I think that, with a single exception, it was the saddest day of mine. A few days later, I listened to America's greatest preacher as, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, he gave voice to the universal grief.

At Lincoln's burial in Springfield, the capital of Illinois, on May 4, 1865, the Second Inaugural Address was read over his open grave—as the friends of Raphael selected the incomparable canvas of the Transfiguration as the principal feature of his funeral.

THE AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

By HERBERT H. D. PEIRCE

UNITED STATES MINISTER TO NORWAY



BEFORE entering upon a discussion of the American diplomatic service let us first consider what diplomacy is and what the practical use of such a service—subjects regarding which there appears to be no little misconception.

A dictionary may tell you that diplomacy is the science of conducting negotiations and making treaties—a definition as loose as it is incomplete, for neither the conduct of negotiations nor the making of treaties is a science, but an art, the latter requiring a considerable knowledge, it is true, of the science of international law. While these are among the important functions of a diplomat, they by no means constitute the major part of his duties. The making of a treaty, it is true, involves the drafting of protocols and the signing of the final instrument. These are, however, but the reduction to writing of the results of the negotiations between the parties upon the terms of their agreement. The art of conducting international negotiations would, therefore, be an equivalent of this definition. But such a definition omits the most important and ever-present duties of a diplomatic agent and the supreme functions of diplomacy—namely, the constant and unremitting effort to promote and maintain cordial relations between his own country and that to which he is accredited and, at the same time, to watch over the observance, by the

foreign state, of his country's rights and those of its nationals, as defined by treaty and the accepted usage of nations.

Diplomacy is in fact the art of conducting negotiations with one government on behalf of another; of entering into international engagements by virtue of governmental authority; of promoting and maintaining cordial relations between nations and of protecting national rights and interests against infraction by foreign states.

Evidently its successful practice by a diplomat requires considerable proficiency in several other arts and sciences, including the art of entire self-command, not to mention the sciences of international law, political economy and constitutional law, as well as an intimate knowledge of the statutes of his own country, the art of drawing up protocols and other instruments where the exact value and significance of every word may have an important bearing upon vested rights in unforeseen circumstances, and this not only in his own tongue but in that of the usually accepted language of diplomacy. The loose phraseology of the early treaties, defining the delineations of the boundary of Alaska, cost to the United States and to Great Britain large sums of money to establish what, under the terms of those treaties, the boundaries really were.

International relations are unavoidable; indeed they are highly desirable and their cultivation is very important, not only in regard to the duties of each nation in the general community of states, for states as

individuals have obligations toward each other, but as regards each nation's individual interests. As regards contiguous states this is obvious enough, but how about a state separated by miles of ocean from others? What interest has it to maintain relations with nations remote from it?

This question has been seriously considered, not only by individuals, but by nations; and, within our own time, we have had before us the example of states undertaking to hold aloof from foreign relations—an attitude which the march of civilization rendered it impracticable to maintain in the nation's own interest. Japan, which within the last century held the view that it was sufficient unto itself, is now among the foremost of the powers of the world in its maintenance of foreign relations, affords such an illustration.

A nation which undertakes to shut out foreign intercourse must of necessity find that, under modern conditions, such an attitude is, in its own interests, untenable.

How, then, are mutual relations and correspondence between nations to be best maintained? Clearly the chief magistrates and sovereigns of states cannot engage in personal correspondence. Were our President to undertake to carry on such a correspondence with the rulers of all the nations of the earth, he would find himself physically unable to attend to the other functions of government. Were he to delegate this duty to the Secretary of State, that official would be placed in the same position as regards the rest of his duties, and it would resolve itself into the appointment of a sub-secretary for correspondence with each country, who would be at the disadvantage of dealing with questions at arms' length and without the important advantage of personal contact. Moreover, such a system would require a similar arrangement on the part of each foreign nation; furthermore, just as commercial concerns find it desirable to conduct their foreign business through the medium of personal agents, to repre-

sent them on the spot, so nations find that, in the still more complicated and important affairs of states, their interests require the presence of personal agents, resident in foreign countries, to deal with governments upon such questions as arise.

Nations, therefore, have agreed among themselves to conduct their intercourse through the medium of such emissaries, and by general treaty provisions have prescribed their relative status.

These treaty provisions, whether formally subscribed to by the respective states or not, are universally recognized as governing the subject.

These, therefore, are the reasons for the existence of a diplomatic service.

What, now, are the peculiar duties and functions of the American diplomatic representative? For such duties and functions of diplomats are more or less affected by the foreign policies and other conditions of his country.

In the first place, the American diplomat finds himself in an exceptionally advantageous position as regards the foreign relations of his country owing to our principle of the avoidance of entangling foreign alliances. He has, therefore, to consider his own country's interests only in its relations with that of his residence.

Having presented his credentials to the sovereign or president of the state, as the case may be, and entered into relations with the other officials of the government, he will at once proceed to inform himself of all the conditions of the country, its government, policies, external and internal, resources, commerce and the character and temperament of the people, studying not only the national character and point of view, but, in particular, that of its leading and most influential men; for it is an important part of his mission to add to the prestige of his country by making himself acceptable both to the government and to the people. Such an attitude is always highly desirable in the interest of those cordial relations, so

important, at all times, between foreign states; and when disagreements arise—as from the very nature of things they are liable to do—upon questions involving national interests, tactful representations, coupled with personal good relations, will usually enable the diplomatic representative to adjust them amicably. International disagreements, like those which arise between individuals, usually commence as honest differences of opinion, upon questions of rights, and it is important to adjust them in the incipient stage, as can usually be done, without loss of national dignity, before they become inflamed by acrid controversy into grave disputes.

The annals of every foreign office, could they be published, would demonstrate that many more wars have been avoided by tactful diplomacy than were ever waged. Indeed, in all negotiations, as in all other relations, personal acceptability will go far towards enabling the diplomatic representative to obtain advantageous terms for his Government.

It was long a reproach upon the practice of diplomacy that it employed deceit in dealing with international questions, and it cannot be denied that the principles of the art as enunciated by Machiavelli were open to that criticism. Such principles, however, have no place in the diplomacy of to-day, whatever may have been the case in an earlier age; certainly in the practice of American diplomacy, while a due and necessary reticence may at times be found necessary, and a careful avoidance of premature committal of the Government to defined policies, it is with no little pride that the American diplomat feels that the instructions he receives are based upon, and enjoin upon him, a course of honest and straightforward dealings.

One of the manifold duties of every diplomat of whatever nation to-day, is to keep his Government informed of the social and economical conditions of the country of his residence with a view to the improvement of commercial relations. This latter,

while in its details it is a consular function, requires the attention of the diplomatic representative also.

Among the more concrete and definable duties of the diplomatic agent is the protection of his own nationals, who may come into the jurisdiction of the country of his residence.

None but an American citizen, or a ward of the United States (a native American Indian is such a ward), can claim or receive such protection from the representative of his country. The first question, therefore, is to discover whether the individual comes legally within that category. This is not always a status so easy to be established as might be supposed. In the case of a native-born citizen there is usually but little difficulty; but the questions which arise most frequently are complicated by other conditions, often necessitating considerable study of the laws of citizenship.

Of course an American citizen coming into the jurisdiction of a foreign country is subject to its laws, but in case he comes into conflict with them, it is the duty of his minister to see to it that he has as favorable treatment, under those laws, as would a citizen of the country. On the other hand, he possesses certain immunities; for instance, he cannot be compelled to perform military service. This immunity, however, is limited by treaty provisions, with certain countries, as regards naturalized American citizens returning to the country of their origin. In all such cases the diplomatic representative may be called upon to extend protection to his nationals.

This very incomplete enumeration of the functions of an American diplomatic representative serves to show the general character thereof, and to indicate, in some measure, their multifariousness.

For the execution of these various offices the United States, following the practice which usually obtains among the great powers, has divided its diplomatic service into the following grades:

Ambassadors Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary.

Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary.

Ministers Resident.

Chargés d'Affaires.

First, Second and Third Secretaries of Embassy.

First and Second Secretaries of Legation.

There is a good deal of misconception as to the relative functions of these various grades in the diplomatic service. An Ambassador is something more than a diplomatic agent of the highest grade; he is, by the accepted usage of nations, the personal representative of the head of his own state, especially accredited to that of the state to which he is sent. As such he is received, with special ceremony, by the chief magistrate, or sovereign, to whom he is accredited, and while in the ordinary business of his mission, as a matter of convenience, he transacts his business through the ordinary channels of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, or "Foreign Office" (equivalent to our Department of State), it is his right and privilege to demand at any time audience of the chief magistrate or sovereign, and to insist on transacting his business with him, in person, as the personal representative of the head of his own government. In the presentation of his credentials it is his right to be received alone by the sovereign to whom he is accredited. In monarchies, where there is ordinarily a very precise ritual for the formal reception of diplomatic emissaries, this is called "the Solemn Audience" of the Ambassador.

The rank of an Ambassador entitles him to take precedence of all diplomatic agents of lesser grade, not only on ceremonial occasions, but in the transaction of business at the Foreign Office. Thus an Envoy, who may be waiting his turn to be received by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, must give place to an Ambassador arriving long after him at the Foreign Office. This fact alone would have been sufficient warrant for our creating this rank in

our service, for representation at the capitals of the great powers, where other nations send Ambassadors.

Unfortunately, however, in creating this exalted diplomatic rank, our legislative authorities have neglected to provide salaries for our Ambassadors commensurate with their dignity, and with the state which this high function absolutely demands; so that, at present, these positions can only be held by persons of very large means, whereby the President, in choosing these most important agents is perforce restricted to the very rich—a condition wholly out of consonance with our democratic institutions. Indeed, the Republic of the United States stands before the world as the only nation which limits the choice of diplomatic representatives of its highest grade by class distinctions, making great wealth the first essential requisite.

It would to-day be impossible for a Wheaton, Bancroft or Lowell, for instance—I take names at random—not to mention such early patriots as Franklin and Adams, to accept the position of American Ambassador to any Court in Europe. If we have been fortunate in finding men of great wealth combined with satisfactory capacity to accept these positions, it is our good fortune; but the field of choice for our representation is none the less limited to a particular class, thereby belieing our democratic pretensions.

The writer is very far from advocating an elaborate scale of display on the part of our diplomatic agents of any rank, but he desires to point out that the present salaries, paid to our Ambassadors, are precisely the same as those that our representatives received at the principal courts of Europe when we accredited to the same posts agents under the title of Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary, and that at a time when the cost of living, the world over, was far less than at present.

We have created an exalted rank in our service without increasing the compensation, but have left it to the

public servant to eke out his necessary expenditures from his own resources. Not to mention monarchies, lest exception be taken thereto, we pay to our Ambassadors, in salaries, less than half what our sister republics give to their diplomatic agents of the same rank, while the latter supply also to their adequately furnished houses.

An Envoy, on the other hand, occupies a very different position. He is the representative of one government to another and while he presents his credentials to the head of the state, he does so without any claim of personal representation. He is also sent in extraordinary capacity and with plenal powers to negotiate as the Minister of his country, but with a much more modest rank and claims for consideration. It is a position of great dignity, entailing the maintenance of a considerable establishment, but incomparably less so than that of an Ambassador.

Minister Resident, of which grade the United States still accredits a few, and *Chargés d'Affaires*, who are accredited to the Minister of Foreign Affairs only of the country in which they may either permanently or temporarily represent their government, complete the list of our foreign representatives.

The secretaries of our Embassies and Legations by no means occupy mere clerical positions, nor are they simply the private secretaries of the chiefs of mission. The charge and arrangement of the archives of the mission form, of course, a part of the duty of such secretaries; but they are also expected to assist their chiefs in obtaining all possible information as to the country of their residence, both as regards social and economic conditions and the general trend of public opinion upon governmental policies. They are entrusted with the confidential affairs of the mission and, in the absence of the chief, the First Secretary becomes *Chargé d'Affaires ad interim*, a position which necessitates his assuming the responsibilities of the conduct of the relations of the mission

with the Government, keeping his own Government fully informed thereof.

There appears to be a somewhat widespread impression that our diplomatic officers abroad are chiefly occupied in the pursuit of social pleasures, devoting but little time or attention to any serious labors: nothing could be farther from the truth. Our Embassies and Legations are busily engaged in duties, the evidences of the greater part of which are, of necessity, hidden from public view in the confidential files of the Department of State.

It is true that from the very nature of things it is essential that diplomatic officers should mingle much and conspicuously in the society of the country of their residence, and doubtless this element in the life of a diplomat offers a certain attraction to young men of means. But he who enters the service in the expectation that his duties will be limited to "capering nimbly in a lady's chamber to the lascivious pleasings of a lute" quickly finds himself deceived. Not infrequently, in addition to daily routine, he is called upon unexpectedly to give close application at unusual hours to very exacting labors.

Under the new and admirably ordered system of organization of our diplomatic service, inaugurated by the present administration, diplomacy is recognized as a profession, and promotions are now made upon the basis of tried qualifications and proved proficiency in the service, while new appointments are subject to careful examinations of candidates in the essentials of its practice. As our interests abroad advance with the march of the world's economic progress and as our own widening sphere of international influence increases, the great advantage of having men of experience and special training in our foreign service becomes daily more apparent.

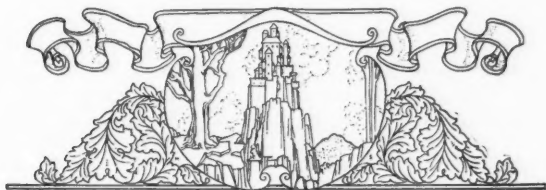
The cost of our foreign service is an inappreciable item in our annual budget of national expenditure. Based upon the mere value of our trade relations, in which it is a factor

of very great influence, its cost is ridiculously small. As a factor not only in maintaining our own peace with the rest of the world, but that of the nations of the earth toward one another, its value to us as a world power is inestimable.

Our great municipal fire-extinguishing organizations do not either entirely prevent or control great conflagrations, but they do extinguish many a fire which experience tells us might well have resulted in the destruction of untold property if left to take its course.

War like fire is an absolute destroyer of material wealth. It may, and in fact always does, bring to some individuals a profit in reproducing destroyed material, but to the world at large, as to the belligerents in particular, it is a great calamity. Its effects indeed are like those of a great conflagration but upon a larger scale. Apart therefore from other considerations, in this particular the maintenance of an efficient diplomatic service has much the value, though with a wider influence, to a national government that a fire department has to a municipality. Doubtless in the days of the primitive hand engine, the maintenance of a municipal fire-department was far less in cost than that which modern needs have developed. Still cities find the protection warrants the expense. In the

early days municipalities relied upon the combined self-interest and altruism of their citizens to form and maintain fire companies which furnished their own equipment. This system was abolished in favor of municipal fire protection involving greater cost but incomparably better results. As has been pointed out, not alone here but in many other writings, diplomacy is a great though not an absolute preventive of wars. We have organized an admirable and efficient service to this end but we have failed as yet to equip it with the means of exercising its capacities to the full. The salaries paid to our agents abroad are less than half those paid even by powers of the second class, while the absence of permanence of the offices and official residences of our representatives gives to our Embassies and Legations a temporary and shifting appearance which militates against that influence which our plenipotentiaries should possess. The house of an ambassador or minister is, by the usage of nations, extra-territorial. It is recognized by the conventions of international intercourse as the soil of the representative's own country. It should be our pride that our flag floats, in every foreign capital, over territory which we enjoy as ours by right and not alone by conventional usage and international hospitality.



LINCOLN'S NOMINATION

AS SEEN BY A YOUNG GIRL FROM NEW YORK

By MARY KING CLARK



I had just left school and had contracted a cold which threatened my weak lungs. The physician ordered me away at once, either to the south of France or to the far West of our own country. My great-uncle—Governor John Alsop King,—as Chairman of the New York delegation to the Republican National Convention at Chicago, had a private car at his disposal, and on learning of my condition he at once offered to take my father and me as far as Chicago. After a rest of a few days there, we might continue our trip farther to St. Paul, where I was to spend the summer with a sister of my father's, whose husband was rector of the church there.

On the appointed day my father took me to the train, where I was met by my uncle and introduced to the members of the party—men selected for their patriotism and political integrity. First of all was the Governor himself—tall, dark, superbly built, holding his head high; then stately Simeon Draper, with his eagle's beak and merry blue eyes; Moses Grinnell, with his white sidewhiskers and generally well-groomed, English look; R. M. Blatchford, a sturdy patriot and a man of deep religious feeling. A little apart was Raymond of the *Times*, whose cautious policy did not endear him to these strong, fearless men; and Nathaniel Blunt, a politician in whom there was no guile. Mr. Blunt was accompanied by his daughter.

As the train pulled slowly out of the station my uncle arranged that our first halt should be at Niagara Falls—for the pleasure and convenience of the invalid girl. This plan was carried out, and early the next day we resumed our journey, stopping at the stations of the principal towns or cities we passed through, to be met always by crowds of excited men who insisted on a speech from the Governor; and ever his voice rang out clear and firm for the Union and for our candidate, the only man who, under God, could save the nation—New York's noble son, the wise, true statesman, William H. Seward. Loud applause followed his stirring words. New York as a unit had set its heart on this nomination. Our delegates were pledged to bring their candidate in triumphantly; but whispers were heard of a dark horse. The West was pushing an unknown man, and the West was young and strong and obstinate. Eagerly the Southern population watched our movements, for a quarrel with the West meant victory for the South, and the end of our nation. Slowly we steamed on, stopping at many stations, with always the demand for a speech from the Governor, and his ready compliance with the people's wish.

At last, late in the evening, worn out with the events of the trip, we approached Chicago. The city was illuminated in our honor, and there was a crowd at the station to welcome the New Yorkers. Terrified, I stared at the crowd pushing and pressing on us; but my uncle called upon our

strong man, John C. Heenan,* prize-fighter and gentleman, to pilot me to the hotel where rooms had been secured for the New York delegation. Clinging to his strong arm, the tired, delicate girl was speedily and safely landed at the hotel, and soon forgot the dangers she had passed in a sound, dreamless sleep. I arose early the next morning to accompany our party to the Wigwam—so called because the chiefs of the Republican party were to meet there; and here I witnessed a contest famous in history. It needs the pen, not of an unskilled woman, but of a mighty writer, to tell the tale of those three days.

The Wigwam where the Convention was held was a large, circular building, like a circus, partitioned off into numerous boxes or compartments like stalls, each one assigned to a State. Kentucky faced New York on the opposite side of the great amphitheatre, and as our men took their appointed seats my girlish heart swelled with pride, because they were physically head and shoulders above the other delegates. Subsequent events proved their superiority to be not merely physical.

The battle began. One by one the States first on the list arose and announced their candidates. There was no confusion: the battle was not for them to fight. Silence followed. Then the men of the West and Southwest arose, and, though very young and inexperienced, I noted a lack of organization in their manner of rising, one after the other, almost timidly it seemed to me; and the Kentucky Chairman drawled out the name of Abraham Lincoln. Loud hisses and great excitement followed. Raymond in our box leaned forward eagerly, and from the back seats, from the Copperheads and Secessionists, came louder hisses and sneers for the "Rail-splitter."

Up rose New York, as one man. Well to the front, our Chairman lifted his head and called, loudly and clearly, "New York nominates Wil-

liam H. Seward." Excitement and cheers, followed again and again by cheers from the back seats. Raymond's mouth was set. No speeches were made; that work had been done before.

The walk from the Wigwam back to the hotel was slow and solemn; heads and backs were bent, as if the burden of responsibility were too heavy; only the Governor never lowered his head as he led his men back to the rooms in the hotel, where they talked earnestly in low, guarded tones. "The West is determined; so are we! But we cannot do without the West." Now came a low whisper from Raymond: "We are pledged to our constituents; we must stick to our candidate, or we shall seem to be renegades." Uncle John's eyes flashed fire, and "Better to seem so, than to be," quickly spoke Nathaniel Blunt.

Again on the morrow the same scene at the Wigwam. The West stood firm, and the name of Abraham Lincoln was on every lip. Now the issue lay with New York, and New York never faltered; white and stern were the faces of our men, and again Uncle John's voice rang out, "New York nominates William H. Seward." The men in the back seats whistled cheerfully; things were going their way. New York was committed to Seward, we could not back down. The clouds gathered over our nation, and the old statesmen at home said, "Our country is lost!" But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory; the people chose better than they knew when they appointed those delegates. That day's walk back to the hotel was at funeral pace, and in our rooms we had hopeless fears. The doors were locked; they would fight their battle alone. "The Union is lost!" cried one man sadly; "the West will never give in." "God reigns," said Mr. Blatchford, hopefully and reverently; and they bowed their heads and, I know, prayed for guidance at this anxious time, to know the right and be given the strength to do it; and the verdict was given.

*All delegations carried with them a fighter to keep the peace; for in those hot days men's opinions often cost them broken heads.

But the last day,—my courage fails as I try to tell the story. Again the Wigwam and the crowd; again the West calls out louder and firmer "Abraham Lincoln!" A death-like silence—a pause. The nation's fate hangs on the next move. Raymond's hands bleed, they are so tightly clenched. It needed but one look at New York to tell the tale—faces drawn, white and aged as if ten years had passed in that one night of struggle. Still together as one man, their Chairman well to the front, New York arose. Draper's eyes flashed. The Governor, white as marble, with his mouth set, called out loudly and clearly, "New York

withdraws her candidate and seconds the nomination of Abraham Lincoln." Here the scene was beyond description. At the back, Copperheads and Secessionists fled quietly away; great men wept like boys and hugged each other in their excitement. Our return march was triumphant: heads high, backs erect. The deed was done; the nation saved.

The names of those noble men should be written in letters of gold in the Hall of Fame in the city of New York. I am sure that in the world beyond, to which they have gone, they are permitted to see the fruit of their sacrifice.

YOURS IN CONFIDENCE

By JANE CLIFFORD

IX.—THE CONQUESTS OF SALLIE POTTS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. R. SHAVER



LITTLE BETTIE and Jack Perkins were seated in the summer-house. She was busily embroidering a sofa pillow in orange and blue. The soft September air blew her curls in a most tantalizing way as she sewed.

"They do make a lovely picture, Tillie, and it was just like you to notice it—you certainly are appreciative," said Mrs. Dove as she and Miss Carter seated themselves on the veranda.

"It reminds me of the time Jared was courting me and going to the University of Virginia too—how history does repeat itself! You know, Jack's grandfather is going to give him his law library and leave him his house. Little Bettie is so innocent and with that pink rose in her hair and her pink dress she reminds

me of how I used to look. Little Bettie certainly does look like I did, but Sallie Potts is more like me in her ways."

As she was speaking the postman came up the walk, and Mrs. Dove flushed with pleasure as she took the letter he handed her. "It's from Sallie Potts. I declare, Tillie, Sallie Potts is a comfort, she certainly is. I don't see how I am going to get along a whole month without her, and she has only been gone ten days. I am sure you will pardon me if I read it." Breaking the seal, she took out of the envelope half a dozen closely written pages. "Sallie Potts does write such nice letters, and I know you are anxious to hear all she says."

Ever since Sallie Potts had gone to New York to visit her sister, Miss Carter had timed her daily visit with the postman's afternoon delivery, so she was quite content to wait, knowing that after Mrs. Dove



LITTLE BETTIE SILENTLY SEWING AND JACK PERKINS SILENTLY WATCHING HER

had first enjoyed her daughter's confidences herself, she would be only too glad to take a second pleasure in their recital. Miss Carter was used to second-hand joys. Living alone, her only relations two brothers who lived in another State, her only personal experiences were in the occasional visits of her nieces, and these were so fraught with a sense of responsibility that her enjoyment was overshadowed. With Mrs. Dove and her daughters she felt no personal care, so her greatest delight was in the confidences of her friend. While Mrs. Dove read her letter Miss Carter watched the young people in the summer-house, Little Bettie silently sewing and Jack Perkins silently watching her.

As Mrs. Dove came to the end she called out: "Little Bettie, it's a letter from Sallie Potts; she's visiting at Lucile Livingston's and has met a real lord. I just said that, Tillie, because of course Jack Perkins will tell his mother, and by to-morrow everybody will hear it. One comfort of telling you things is, I know you never repeat them, so of course I always tell someone else, too. Oh,

Tillie, Sallie Potts is having a grand visit, and it certainly does console me for being so lonesome, to know she's having such a good time. Sallie Potts always does have a good time. And, Tillie, just think, Kate and Edward are going to Europe! Oh, Little Bettie," she called out again, "Kate and Edward are going abroad! Is n't that interesting?"

"Do you know, Tillie," she continued, resuming the conversational tone, "Sallie Potts says everybody she's met has been to Europe at least twice. I declare it is surprising how people do travel. Sallie Potts is visiting Lucile Livingston now, and just as soon as Lucile heard that Sallie Potts's birthday was on the tenth, she said she was going to give her a German, and Sallie Potts and Mr. Geoffrey Livingston are to lead it together. The Livingstons are so attentive, and, Tillie, their house up on the Hudson, where Sallie Potts is visiting, is as big as a hotel. Just think, Tillie, they have thirty servants and a sitting-room and bath-room with every bedroom. Sallie Potts has a French maid who brings her breakfast and helps her dress and

combs her hair, only Sallie Potts says she always combs it over as soon as the maid is gone. Sallie Potts says it gives her such a good chance to speak French. And Sallie Potts does love to speak French. Just as soon as she got there the maid took her keys and unpacked all her things. Sallie Potts says she certainly was glad Kate loaned her the new steamer trunk and hat trunk, because the big leather one she took surely would have been inconvenient.

"Tillie, Kate's got so many new things for her trip. I declare, Edward's practice must be very large, and he's so indulgent that Kate has everything her heart desires. Sallie Potts says she has a new steamer-trunk and a steamer-rug and so many interesting conveniences. The steamer-rug must be handsome—Sallie Potts says she's going to bring her father one for a present when she comes home. She says it certainly will be convenient for me when I take a nap—Sallie Potts is so thoughtful of her father! Did I tell you about Kate's singing? Well I do declare, I never would have forgiven myself if I had forgotten to tell you. Sallie Potts wrote me all about it. And when I tell you, Tillie, I know you will agree with me that I certainly have a right to feel proud of my girls—especially Sallie Potts! They went to a party given for a most distinguished English lord at one of the handsomest houses on Fifth Avenue. Sallie Potts wore her yellow silk and she says that Kate looked like an angel in a new lace gown and sang divinely. And, Tillie, Kate received an ovation. Sallie Potts was so happy—you know how she always admires her sisters; and then, Tillie, the most distinguished-looking man took Sallie Potts in to supper! It certainly is gratifying to hear what a good time they are having.

"Tillie, Sallie Potts does write such amusing things. She says at a party in New York it's hard to tell the guests from the servants—that is, the men—because they all dress

alike and some of the servants look so distinguished and some of the most distinguished guests look so insignificant—Sallie Potts certainly is original! The very first day she was there in New York, Lucile Livingston went right to see her and took her out in her automobile to Central Park and then to a place called Sherry's for luncheon. (Sallie Potts says Sherry's is more fashionable than Delmonico's.) She's been to so many elegant entertainments and she says nobody lives any handsomer than the Livingstons. Just think, Tillie, Sallie Potts says they have a real gold service—now is n't that a revelation of elegance! Next week Lucile is going to Italy with her aunt. Sallie Potts says it's mighty entertaining to hear people talking about their trips abroad, and it seems to her everybody is going to Europe.

In the library at Mr. Livingston's she found a book just like the one she bought at Mr. Gordon's auction; and Baedeker must be alive, because Kate bought a new book of his about Germany. He must be a prolific writer, because Sallie Potts says he's written books about nearly every country. She says Mr. Livingston always talks to her about books, and he's so interested in everything she says. One day he found her reading one of Baedeker's books and asked her if she was interested. She said yes, she thought it was full of valuable information, but she didn't care for his style; and, Tillie, Mr. Livingston was so pleased with her literary taste he told everybody that night at dinner how refreshing she was. I declare it's charming to see how everybody admires Sallie Potts.

"On her birthday, Lucile and Geoffrey Livingston gave her a gold chain bracelet and a diary bound in blue leather with a gold lock, and, Tillie, the key that locks the bracelet locks the diary too—is n't that ingenious? Of course, though Sallie Potts does n't say so, I can tell that Mr. Geoffrey Livingston is being devoted to her, but, Tillie, I can see that she prefers the English lord—

Sallie Potts is so ambitious! But even if she does prefer the English lord, I know she never would consider him, Colonel Dowe is so prejudiced about foreign marriages. It certainly is gratifying about Kate and Edward going abroad, and their letters will be interesting, only Kate does n't write

trying to address her, and with him living at Kate's you can see how it would be. Then at Lucile's there was Geoffrey Livingston being just as devoted to her as George Rogers was; so, Tillie, it got so embarrassing—she just had to go back to Kate's. And that is n't all, Tillie. I know



SHE THOUGHT BAEDEKER FULL OF VALUABLE INFORMATION, BUT DID N'T CARE FOR THE STYLE

like Sallie Potts—confidentially, Tillie, nobody does. I certainly do wish Sallie Potts could go to Europe. Just think, Tillie, Edward is going to study to be a specialist and Kate's going to have her voice cultivated. I declare Kate and Edward certainly are fortunate—they have everything they want. Sallie Potts is coming home next week, and, Tillie, confidentially, and because I know how sacredly you do guard my confidences, I'm going to tell you why Sallie Potts is coming home so soon. It's mighty interesting and I know you will enjoy hearing it. The truth is, Tillie, Sallie Potts has n't had one minute's peace in New York—no, not even at Kate's; for ever since Kate's wedding, George Rogers has been

you will be interested when I tell you that the English lord—no, Tillie, not even to you can I betray the sacred confidences of my own child—no, I can't do that, but confidentially I will tell you that I know enough from what Sallie Potts says to know he's the real cause of her embarrassment. If she never talks about him when she comes home, and, Tillie, I I feel confident she never will, you will understand it's because she's so modest. You know how modest Sallie Potts is! I never would tell any one what I've told you, Tillie, but knowing how appreciative you are, I knew you would enjoy hearing about Sallie Potts's conquests. I declare I never did hear of a girl having such a good time or receiv-

ing so much attention as Sallie Potts!"

Mrs. Dowe paused with a sigh and as she did so saw Colonel Dowe coming up the avenue. Seeing him also reminded her guest of the lateness of the hour, and as she arose to go Mrs. Dowe protested, but the protest

is a comfort. Come over to-morrow," she added as her friend descended the steps, I reckon I'll have another letter, and I know, after what I've told you, you'll be interested. Did you ever hear of a girl's having such a good time as Sallie Potts?"



T. J. SHAVER

I NEVER DID HEAR OF A GIRL HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME OR RECEIVING SO MUCH ATTENTION AS SALLIE POTTS

was not strong as she said: "I know it is n't the part of courtesy for a hostess to urge a guest to stay, so I won't; but, Tillie, I certainly have enjoyed seeing you—I always do enjoy seeing you and talking about my girls. Especially about Sallie Potts. Sallie Potts's conquests certainly are interesting. And then, Tillie, I know you have shared my happiness on watching Little Bettie and Jack Perkins too. All the world loves a lover, Tillie—even you. I declare, even if it is too bad you didn't marry, you must agree with me you have had a long happy girlhood—you certainly have, Tillie, and I will say your living next door

As Mrs. Dowe watched her guest depart, the light slowly faded from her face—the triumphant expression which had shone as she recited her daughter's conquests,—and was replaced by a look of motherly anxiety while she awaited the coming of Colonel Dowe. As he took the cosy chair by his wife's side, she unfolded the letter and began:

"It's from Sallie Potts, and, Jared, she's having such a disappointing visit. I can't help feeling mighty worried about the child. She does not say so—you know, Jared, it would n't be Sallie Potts if she complained, and she does n't; but she does say enough to make me right much worried.

I am troubled about Kate, too, Jared; she and Edward are going to Europe. Kate says if a physician wants to be a success he must be a specialist, and if he wants to be a specialist he must study in Berlin. So Edward borrowed the money and Kate's afraid he didn't borrow enough, but they are going anyway. Kate's been so busy getting ready she forgot to write me about it—now is n't that just like Kate? George Rogers is going to take Edward's practice while they are away, and he and Edward are so busy they have n't been at home a single evening since Sallie Potts got there.

"Kate took her out one evening to a party when Kate sang. It was a very distinguished party given for an English lord. And would you believe me, Jared?—Kate wore Sallie Potts's new lace dress and party wrap, and Sallie Potts wore the dress of mine we made over and mother's lace-shawl—Sallie Potts certainly is unselfish! Of course Kate took her, but, Jared, Sallie Potts did n't even see the English lord. She said it was mighty interesting just to sit and watch the people. At first Kate did n't know anybody but the hostess, who only invited her because she is a patient of Edward's and knew Kate could sing.

"After Kate sang, she was so busy meeting people herself, she forgot all about Sallie Potts; so, Jared, just think, Sallie Potts sat in a corner all by herself and, would you believe me? even after everybody began to have supper, Kate and Edward never thought about her. Sallie Potts never would have had anything to eat if a strange man had n't brought her some salad and a glass of wine. Sallie Potts says he was a most distinguished-looking man and, although he had a nice voice and lovely manners, still he did n't have anything to eat himself and did n't sit down, so she was afraid he might only be a waiter and she did n't say much to him. Sallie Potts says Kate keeps correcting her and won't let her say 'Yes, sir' and 'No, sir,' and Sallie Potts

says when she leaves the 'sir' off she feels so impolite she can't take any pleasure in talking.

"At the Livingstons' it was lovely, but Geoffrey Livingston was only home one morning; and after promising to give Sallie Potts a party on her birthday, Lucile Livingston decided suddenly to go to Italy and forgot all about it. And while she had some nice presents, Geoffrey Livingston never even came home on her birthday; so Sallie Potts went back to Kate's. She has too much pride to wait around for any man who does n't come home while she's there. Of course, now they are all going to Europe next week, and naturally Sallie Potts is coming home.

"You know, Jared, even if she does write and say Kate's so kind and the Livingstons are attentive, it is n't kind or attentive to invite anyone to visit you and then decide to go to Europe before the visit is over. And, Jared, just think, Sallie Potts never even saw the English lord, and she says he's such a distinguished English lord, too. Sallie Potts says the way people travel and talk about places they've been certainly is embarrassing. She says they all know French, and it does n't sound at all like the French she learned, so she can't understand it.

"Sallie Potts says she's going to learn French, and she's spent the money you sent her for a birthday present on a new way to learn it. She says it's better than any teacher she can get down here, and she can have a lesson whenever she wants it because it's a phonograph and all she's got to do is to wind it up and take a lesson. Sallie Potts certainly is ambitious.

"And, Jared, that reminds me—I am worried about Little Bettie. Jack Perkins is here every day, and she's wearing his fraternity pin, and, Jared, you know what it meant when I began to wear *your* fraternity pin. I declare, Jared, I've felt sad every time I've looked at her this afternoon.

Little Bettie's only seventeen, and even if I was married before I was eighteen, I do think Little Bettie ought to see more of the world before she marries anybody. Jack Perkins is too young, too—we can't tell what kind of a man he will be, and we never can be sure the Judge is going to make Jack his heir until he does, and the Judge is too healthy to count on his doing it soon. Jared, you know, while I am ambitious, what I really want is to see our girls happy;



IT WAS INTERESTING JUST TO WATCH PEOPLE

but I do think they ought to see more of the world and meet more people.

"I declare, Jared, I do deplore Sallie Potts never even seeing that English lord. You know, Jared, how gratified you would have been if she had met him—and to think she never even saw him! It certainly is disappointing; and now Sallie Potts says she's coming home, and she says she is n't ever going to go away again until she's travelled more."

A CALIFORNIA PSALM

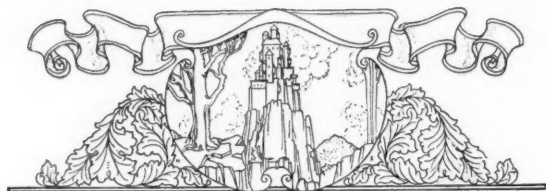
I LIFTED up mine eyes unto the hills
 Where fair Los Gatos like a lovely gem
 Is set in California's diadem;
 The sky was wreathed with sunset daffodils,
 And honey-dew that twilight-hour distils
 Lay on the poppy fields and wet the hem
 Of Evening's robe, who softly sang to them
 A slumber song of Dreamland vales and rills.
 Unto the hills I lifted up mine eyes
 As one who seeks some guerdon or reward,
 And lo! into my heart of hearts there crept
 The grateful balm that weary mortals prize—
 The help that cometh even from the Lord,—
 And, gazing long, I ceased to gaze, and slept.

CLARENCE URMY



MURAL PAINTING BY EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD FOR THE ASSEMBLY ROOM OF THE NEW STATE CAPITOL AT MADISON, WISCONSIN

This decoration—recently exhibited in New York, and one of the best things the artist has ever done—symbolizes the past, present and future of the State. The central figure seated on a rock typifies Wisconsin, the surrounding female figures typifying Lake Superior, Lake Michigan and the Mississippi River. The three men nearest the central figure, at the spectator's left, represent the earliest explorers of the Northwest, while those at the right represent a later group, including a Jesuit missionary. The uniformed figures at the right are those of the color-guard of a Wisconsin regiment in the Civil War. The standing figure in the middle of the foreground typifies the Present, presenting the lumbermen, miners and agriculturists of the State; while at the extreme left stands the Future, with a figure representing the Conservation of Force pointing out the necessity of preserving the forests of the State. At the left also is seen the dome of the new Capitol.



POEMS

By RICHARD WATSON GILDER

MILTON

(Read at Columbia University, December 9, 1908)

Voice archangelical, supreme, sublime ;
Most dedicate and rapt of all the quire
Of singers since humanity and time
Were fashioned from the sempiternal fire !
None of the laureled race with thee hath name
Save him, the bard austere and benedight,
Who, like thee, traversed the infernal flame
And dared the dread and Everlasting Light.
Milton ! the reverberate centuries but bring
Thy presence nearer ; thou dost mightier loom
Even as thy day recedes ; yea, thou dost sing
With accent more divine, sounding the doom
Of base, infectious and unholy thought,
While upward climbs the world by one high spirit taught.

THE WARRIOR-PRIEST

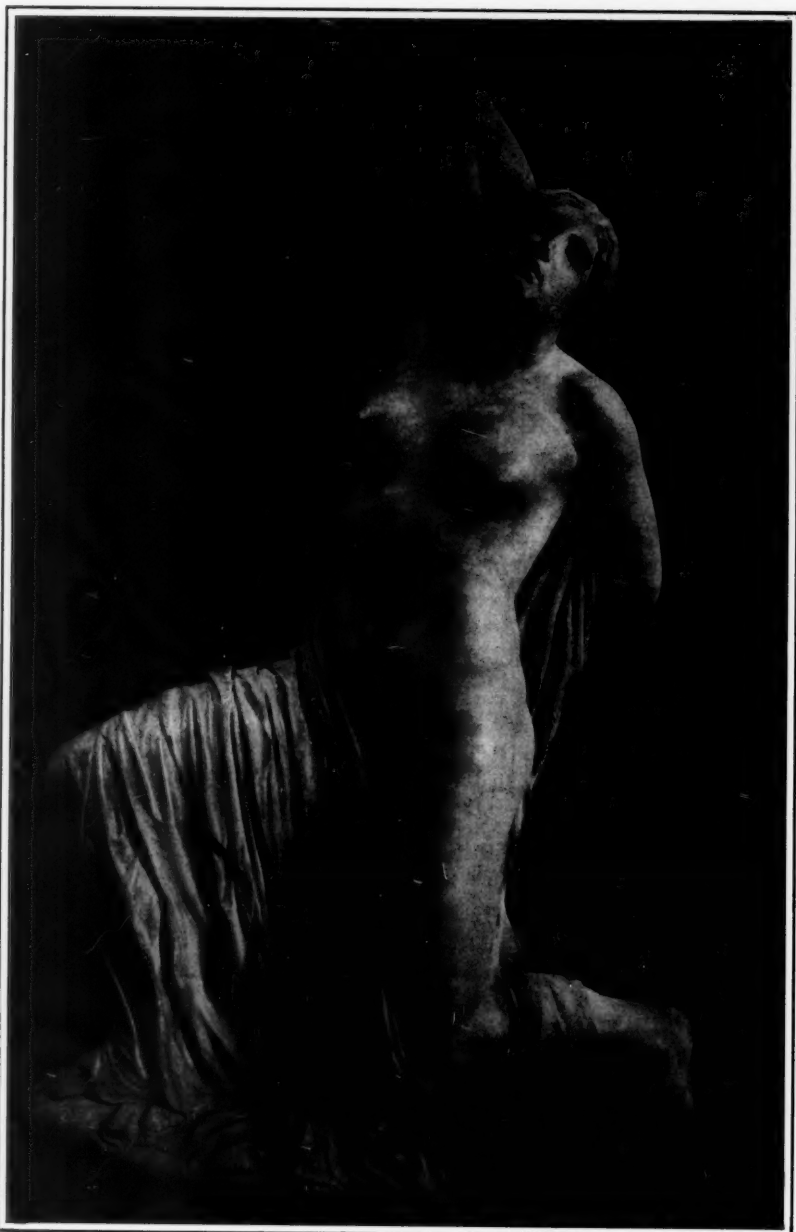
*(Read at the Meeting in Memory of Bishop H. C. Potter, at the Century Club,
December 12, 1908)*

He was our warrior-priest beneath whose gown
The mailed armor took full many a dent,
When, at the front, all gallantly he went,
In civic fight, to save the beloved town;
Then did the proud, outrageous foe go down,
To shame and wide disaster swiftly sent,
Struck by his steel to flight—in wonderment
To see that calm brow wear the battle frown.
For he was courteous as a knight of eld,
And he the very soul of friendliness;
The spirit of youth in him lost never its power;
So sweet his soul, his passing smile could bless;
But this one passion all his long life held:
To serve his Master to the last lingering hour.

SHAKESPEARE'S NEW HOME

*(Read at the Laying of the Corner-Stone of the New Theater, New York,
December 15, 1908)*

Shakespeare's new home is this, here, on this stage,
Here shall he reign as first in London town;
Here shall the passion of that high Renown,
Embodied newly, know its ancient rage.
Here shall the trembling heart of man regain
Its heritage of laughter and quick tears,
And find fresh courage to compel its fears,
And learn in larger life a balm for pain.
Nor shall the master's spirit quench the blaze
Of spirits new that may new beauty wake,
But fan these to bright flame that from new days
New music, modes and majesties shall take:
And if a New World Shakespeare loom erewhile
How swift, from that great shade, the welcoming smile.



Photograph by Anderson, Rome

THE DAUGHTER OF NIOBE

(See page 551)

SOME RECENT FINDS IN GREEK MARBLES

Notes by ALICE RINALDI and ESTELLE M. HURLL



AMONG the most famous of the lost statues of antiquity is the Discobolus of Myron, originally made in bronze in the period between the Persian War and the fifth century B.C. The work of this sculptor shows great fondness for movement, and it is known that he produced many statues of athletes, both typical figures and commemorative portraits, with which it was customary to decorate the sacred grove of Olympia. The Discobolus was carefully described by Lucian as reproducing with marvellous fidelity the disk thrower of the ancient games: "bent down into the position for the throw, turning towards the hand that holds the disk, and all but bending on one knee, he seems as if he would straighten himself up at the throw." Whether this was a typical figure or an actual portrait of an Olympic victor we do not know.

Though we may never hope to see this wonder in the form in which it left the artist's hands, we have formed an idea of its character from the marble copies which have come down to us. One of the best known of these is that of the British Museum. Much finer is the Lancelotti copy, belonging to the prince of that name and jealously cherished in his palace, where it was practically lost to the world. There is therefore great rejoicing among enthusiasts over the most recently discovered copy which has come to light within the year.

This was found at Castel Porziano, a favorite shooting place of the King of Italy, on the road to Ostia. Excavations were in progress here on the grounds of an ancient Roman villa, when the first glimpse of marble gave promise of some rich find. It is said that the Queen was so eager in the cause that she shared in the final uncovering with her own hands. Hence the statue will always be known as the Discobolus of Queen Helena. Unhappily the work was in various fragments, and some parts are still missing. Nevertheless a careful study of other existing copies, especially of the Lancelotti statue, has made it possible to effect an exceedingly satisfactory restoration. It was placed by the King in the National Museum (Baths of Diocletian), where it will be accessible to multitudes of art lovers and critics. It is already pretty generally agreed that this is the finest extant copy of Myron's original.

The Aldobrandini statue is a less recent find which was first brought to extensive notice last year by the determined efforts of the Italian Government to secure the prize. It has been said that even the fabulous offer of half a million francs was exceeded by a would-be foreign purchaser; but the Italians have a patriotic zeal to keep their treasures at home. This beautiful marble was discovered in 1878 in the grounds of the Villa Aldobrandini, on the sea cliffs of Anzio. The quaint old seaport town was once a fashionable winter resort where Nero and succeeding emperors sought recreation. It



Photograph by Anderson, Rome

THE DISCOBOLUS OF QUEEN HELENA

contains many interesting Roman remains full of associations of former glory. In 1878 some heavy rains washed away a portion of the cliff belonging to the Aldobrandini grounds, and a fine piece of first-century wall was revealed, containing two niches. It was in one of these niches that the famous statue was found. It represents a young woman in woollen draperies holding in her hands an article variously interpreted as a tray, a roll or a scroll. Some authorities suggested that this was a poetess reading from her own verses. Others see in her a priestess making a propitiatory offering of wool. The marble is accordingly known either as the "Aldobrandini statue," from the place of its discovery, or the "Greek Priestess," or the "Priestess of Anzio," from its supposed character. In any case she is a beautiful creature, about six feet in height, with a finely modelled head call-



Photograph by Anderson, Rome

THE ALDOBRANDINI STATUE

ing to mind the Olympian Hermes. Archaeologists have united in high praise of the workmanship, and are reasonably certain that it belongs to the golden age of Greek sculpture. Professor Lowy, of the University of Rome, lecturing on the subject at the International Artists' Club, claimed it as, in all probability, an original work of Praxiteles. A German authority (Klein) assigns it to some sculptor of the succeeding generation. It is in a remarkably good state of preservation.

The fame of these two statues has nearly overshadowed that of a find of two years ago, the so-called "Daughter of Niobe." This marble was uncovered in the Via Sallustiana, in the Ludovisi quarter, Rome, in ground belonging to the Commercial Bank. It is at present in the possession of the Bank, but when in future years the public awaken to its beauty we shall hear more about it.



Photograph by Millet, Minneapolis

Arthur Upson

ARTHUR UPSON

THE recent death by drowning of Arthur Upson, whether as the result of an accident or of premeditation, may, perhaps, take rank with Poe's as one of the two most tragical in American literary annals. Mr. Upson's body was found, after he had been missing two days, in Lake Bemidji, Minnesota. The boat which he had used was capsized and lacked one oar when recovered.

Arthur Upson was born in Camden, New Jersey, thirty-one years ago. He removed to Minnesota in 1894 and, with the exception of several years spent abroad, resided subsequently in Minneapolis and St. Paul. He was best known as the author of several volumes of verse—"At the Sign of the Harp," "West Wind Songs," "Octaves Written in an Oxford Garden," "The City" and the

recently published "Tides of Spring." Miss Rittenhouse gave him a place in her half-dozen "Younger American Poets" (1904). Temperamentally and artistically Mr. Upson was nearly related to Chatterton, Shelley and Francis Thompson.

Mr. Upson attempted suicide three years ago, and this, together with the fact that he sometimes suffered periods of melancholy, is responsible for the suggestion that his death was not entirely accidental; but many circumstances, such as his improved

health, his happier outlook upon life, and his growing reputation, are evidence to the contrary. His "Tides of Spring," a "dramatic romance," published simultaneously in Edinburgh and Boston, has been accepted for presentation this winter by the New Theatre of Chicago.

Mr. Perry Harrison (Security National Bank, Minneapolis) is the treasurer of a fund for the publication of an edition of Mr. Upson's Poems for the benefit of his mother, who is widowed and childless.

EXPLICIT CARMINA ILLIUS POETÆ

Vale, Arthur Upson

CONVOLVULUS and columbine
And apple blossoms with sweet breath:
Thy flowers all, now doubly thine,
Be strewn upon thee for a sign
Of song and early death.

We shall not find a tenderer one
Of those whose souls, in toil and haste,
Were as gold censers swung along;
None tenderer has forgot the sun,
Of all who wrought most fair the chaste
Circumference of strict song.

Most like that Flaccus of the Porch
Whose boy's face fronts the centuries
Against the broils of bloody Rome:
Not such an one to bear thy torch
Above thy time's iniquities;
Soon tired for thy long home.

Like Sappho, Shelley, in thy death,
But all thyself in supreme song:
As long as time remembereth
Thy perfect Octaves be a breath
The West Wind bears along.

Convolvulus and columbine
And the apple-trees of May,
With a billion blooms that gloom and shine
Rose-red and white as whey;

And an oat-song of old days be thine,
Piped thin from a hill in May——
Through a billion blooms that gloom and shine
Rose-red and white as whey.

ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

OUT OF THE STORM

By WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON

AUTHOR OF "THROUGH THE VORTEX OF A CYCLONE"

ILLUSTRATION BY PERCY COWEN



"HUSH!" said my friend the scientist, as I walked into his laboratory. I had opened my lips to speak; but stood silent for a few minutes at his request.

He was sitting at his instrument, and the thing was tapping out a message in a curiously irregular fashion—stopping a few seconds, then going on at a furious pace.

It was during a somewhat longer than usual pause that, growing slightly impatient, I ventured to address him.

"Anything important?" I asked.

"For God's sake, shut up!" he answered back in a high, strained voice.

I stared. I am used to pretty abrupt treatment from him at times when he is much engrossed in some particular experiment; but this was going a little too far, and I said so.

He was writing, and, for reply, he pushed several loosely-written sheets over to me with the one curt word, "Read!"

With a sense half of anger, half of curiosity, I picked up the first and glanced at it. After a few lines, I was gripped and held securely by a morbid interest. I was reading a message from one in the last extremity. I will give it word for word:—

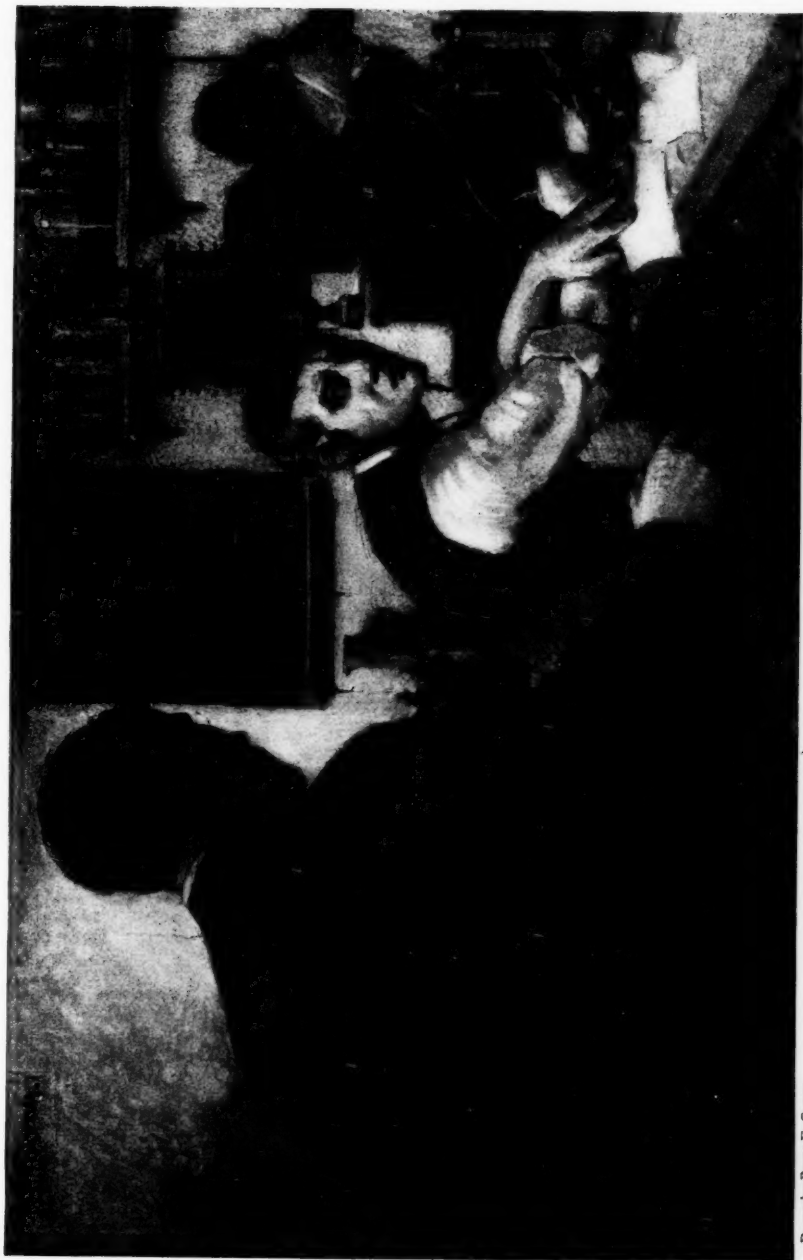
"John, we are sinking! I wonder if you really understand what I feel

at the present time—you sitting comfortably in your laboratory, I out here upon the waters, already one among the dead. Yes, we are doomed. There is no such thing as help in our case. We are sinking—steadily, remorselessly. God! I must keep up and be a man! I need not tell you that I am in the operator's room. All the rest are on deck—or dead in the hungry thing which is smashing the ship to pieces.

"I do not know where we are, and there is no one of whom I can ask. The last of the officers was drowned nearly an hour ago, and the vessel is now little more than a sort of breakwater for the giant seas.

"Once, about half an hour ago, I went out on to the deck. My God! the sight was terrible. It is a little after midday; but the sky is the color of mud—do you understand?—gray mud! Down from it there hang vast lappets of clouds. Not such clouds as I have ever before seen; but monstrous, mildewed-looking hulls. They show solid, save where the frightful wind tears their lower edges into great feelers that swirl savagely above us, like the tentacles of some enormous Horror.

"Such a sight is difficult to describe to the living; though the Dead of the Sea know of it without words of mine. It is such a sight that none is allowed to see and live. It is a picture for the doomed and the dead; one of the sea's hell-orgies—one of the THING'S monstrous gloatings over the living—say the



Drawn by Percy E. Cowen

HE PUSHED SEVERAL LOOSELY WRITTEN SHEETS OVER TO ME WITH THE ONE CURT WORD, "READ!"

alive-in-death, those upon the brink. I have no right to tell of it to you; to speak of it to one of the living is to initiate innocence into one of the infernal mysteries—to talk of foul things to a child. Yet I care not! I will expose, in all its hideous nakedness, the death-side of the sea. The undoomed living shall know some of the things that death has hitherto so well guarded. Death knows not of this little instrument beneath my hands that connects me still with the quick, else would he haste to quiet me.

"Hark you, John! I have learnt undreamt of things in this little time of waiting. I know now why we are afraid of the dark. I had never imagined such secrets of the sea and the grave (which are one and the same).

"Listen! Ah, but I was forgetting you cannot hear! I can! The Sea is — Hush! the Sea is laughing, as though Hell cackled from the mouth of an ass. It is jeering. I can hear its voice echo like Satanic thunder amid the mud overhead— It is calling to me! call— I must go— The sea calls!

"Oh! God, art Thou indeed God? Canst Thou sit above and watch calmly that which I have just seen? Nay! Thou art no God! Thou art weak and puny beside this foul THING which Thou didst create in Thy lusty youth. *It is now God*— and I am one of its children.

"Are you there, John? Why don't you answer! Listen! I ignore God; for there is a stronger than He. My God is here, beside me, around me, and will be soon above me. You know what that means. It is merciless. *The sea is now all the God there is!* That is one of the things I have learnt.

"Listen! IT is laughing again. God is *it*, not He.

"It called, and I went out on to the decks. All was terrible. IT is in the waist—everywhere. IT has swamped the ship. Only the forecastle, bridge

and poop stick up out from the bestial, reeking THING, like three islands in the midst of shrieking foam. At times gigantic billows assail the ship from both sides. They form momentary arches above the vessel—arches of dull, curved water half a hundred feet towards the hideous sky. Then they descend—roaring. Think of it! You cannot.

"There is an infection of sin in the air: it is the exhalations from the *Thing*. Those left upon the drenched islets of shattered wood and iron are doing the most horrible things. The THING is teaching them. Later, I felt the vile informing of its breath; but I have fled back here—to pray for death.

"On the forecastle, I saw a mother and her little son clinging to an iron rail. A great billow heaved up above them—descended in a falling mountain of brine. It passed, and they were still there. The *Thing* was only toying with them; yet, all the same, it had torn the hands of the child from the rail, and the child was clinging frantically to its Mother's arm. I saw another vast hill hurl up to port and hover above them. Then the Mother stooped and bit like a foul beast at the hands of her wee son. She was afraid that his little additional weight would be more than she could hold. I heard his scream even where I stood—it drove to me upon that wild laughter. It told me again that God is not He, but IT. Then the hill thundered down upon those two. It seemed to me that the *Thing* gave a bellow as it leapt. It roared about them churning and growling; then surged away, and there was only one—the Mother. There appeared to me to be blood as well as water upon her face, especially about her mouth; but the distance was too great, and I cannot be sure. I looked away. Close to me, I saw something further—a beautiful young girl (her soul hideous with the breath of the *Thing*) struggling with her sweetheart for the shelter of the charthouse side. He threw her off; but she came back

at him. I saw her hand come from her head, where still clung the wreckage of some form of headgear. She struck at him. He shouted and fell away to leeward, and she—smiled, showing her teeth. So much for that. I turned elsewhere.

"Out upon the *Thing*, I saw gleams, horrid and suggestive, below the crests of the waves. I have never seen them until this time. I saw a rough sailorman washed away from the vessel. One of the huge breakers snapped at him!— Those things were teeth. *It* has teeth. I heard them clash. I heard his yell. It was no more than a mosquito's shrilling amid all that laughter; but it was very terrible. There is worse than death.

"The ship is lurching very queerly with a sort of sickening heave——

"I fancy I have been asleep. No—I remember now. I hit my head when she rolled so strangely. My leg is doubled under me. I think it is broken; but it does not matter——

"I have been praying. I—I— What was it? I feel calmer, more resigned, now. I think I have been mad. What was it that I was saying? I cannot remember. It was something about—about—God. I—I believe I blasphemed. May He forgive me! Thou knowest, God, that I was not in my right mind. Thou knowest that I am very weak. Be with me in the coming time! I have sinned; but Thou art all merciful.

"Are you there, John? It is very near the end now. I had so much to say; but it all slips from me. What was it that I said? I take it all back.

I was mad, and——and God knows. He is merciful, and I have very little pain now. I feel a bit drowsy.

"I wonder whether you are there, John. Perhaps, after all, no one has heard the things I have said. It is better so. The Living are not meant——and yet, I do not know. If you are there, John, you will—— you will tell *her* how it was; but not—— not—— Hark! there was such a thunder of water overhead just then. I fancy two vast seas have met in mid-air across the top of the bridge and burst all over the vessel. It must be soon now——and there was such a number of things I had to say! I can hear voices in the wind. They are singing. It is like an enormous dirge——

"I think I have been dozing again. I pray God humbly that it be soon! You will not——not tell *her* anything about, about what I may have said, will you, John? I mean those things which I ought not to have said. What was it I did say? My head is growing strangely confused. I wonder whether you really do hear me. I may be talking only to that vast roar outside. Still, it is some comfort to go on, and I will not believe that you do not hear all I say. Hark again! A mountain of brine must have swept clean over the vessel. She has gone right over on to her side. . . . She is back again. It will be very soon now——

"Are you there, John? Are you there? It is coming! The Sea has come for me! It is rushing down through the companionway! It—it is like a vast jet! My God! I am dr-own-ing! I—am—dr——"



BUNYAN IN PRISON

A-MANY lay with him in Bedford jail—

Cutthroats and thieves and women of the street ;
Spawn of all evil sprawled about his feet,
The while he dreamed his Dream and told his Tale.
What mattered it to him ? Within the pale
Of those four walls, him Faithful stopped to greet
Or with stout Hopeful walked in converse sweet,
And Christian o'er Apollyon did prevail.

And so the foul wards widened when he willed—
Let in a world in little, then, narrowing, grew
To semblance of the Giant's dungeon dull ;
Shifted to shapes of vale and mead—or, filled
With all the Vision's glory, changed into
The shining rooms of the House Beautiful.

"Then saw I in my Dream"—The fair refrain
Sprinkles the printed page, till we forget
He had his waking hours, when the fret
Of fear that just missed madness teased his brain.
Travailing with his own peculiar pain,
In every path his Pilgrim knew, he set
Feet that might stumble but linger not, and yet
Knew not the end—that was the Dream again !

What wonder, in his book, the Valley grim
Stretches ere rise the Mounts Delectable,
And the Slough lies before Emmanuel's Land,
Full many a league ? God's peace came late to him
Who trod the road from Earth to Heaven, and spanned
With his rack'd soul the gulf 'twixt Heaven and Hell.

FRANK PRESTON SMART

GWEN'S STRANGER

By LILY A. LONG

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT EDWARDS



DAVID! Is it really you? In the middle of the afternoon! I didn't suppose a man remembered during business hours that such trivial matters as women and tea-tables existed in the universe."

"I had business in the neighborhood," said David, as calmly as though he were telling the truth. "I just thought I'd drop in and find out what it was you wanted to consult me about."

Gwen, small, quick and vivid in all her ways, tilted her head up at him like an inquiring bird.

"You'll have some tea first," she said, and crossed the room to touch the bell. Her movement somehow suggested a flash of light. Then she turned to observe him from a distance. "Sit down, David. Until I see you safely established in a chair, I simply have to hold my breath for fear you will smash something—though I don't know that you *do* smash things more than other people, to be quite fair. But you always seem on the verge of it. I should think you would make yourself nervous!"

David sat down carefully.

"I have broken one or two things in my time," he said, with a sort of sotto-voce grimace. "What was the important matter you wanted to see me about?"

Gwen dropped into a big chair which quite engulfed her, and, propping her chin on her palms and her

elbows on one arm of the chair, she considered him gravely.

"If all conversation were conducted on your method, there would be such a surplus of unused language left on the hands of the dictionary-makers, that they would have to shut down their factories for a year. Don't you know that if you come to a point too soon, all your angles will be obtuse instead of acute? That's no personal reflection on your mentality, David. It is merely geometry. You may put the tea-table here, Frances. And I am not at home to anyone this afternoon. How many lumps, David?"

"I don't care."

"But it is stupid not to care. Do you prefer it sweet or very sweet?"

"I don't know."

She pressed her lips together and slowly dropped in one lump after another until the small tea-cup was full. Then she poured tea into the interstices and gravely handed him the cup. He took it with equal gravity, and, with some difficulty, managed to sip it.

"You are hopeless," she protested. "Well, to come to the point—since you are so anxious to cut the interview as short as possible,—I have had a letter from L'Etranger."

David looked distinctly surprised, even startled.

"A letter? Recently?"

"A day or two ago. And it's a letter that has given me a great deal of perplexity. You see, it isn't just one of his ordinary letters. It's a— a love letter."

David said nothing—so far as one



"YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS ABOUT L'ETRANGER," SHE CONTINUED

could hear. He looked as though he were doing some rapid and explicit thinking.

"You are the only one who knows about L'Étranger," Gwen continued slowly. "I never mentioned him to anyone else. I could n't. It was too intimate. And I have n't shown all of his letters even to you. But this was so serious and so unexpected that I thought it over and decided to ask your advice. You remember, don't you, how the correspondence began?"

David had restored his sugary cup to the tea-table. He was looking at Gwen with a face carefully composed.

"I—think so."

"I was just seventeen, and more romantic than even the average. I expected Prince Charming to come for me some day very soon, and I was sure I should know him under any disguise."

"Any disguise?" David asked, with a half-laugh that was somehow like a strangled sob.

"Well—any disguise except the commonplace," said Gwen, with her gravely considering eyes fixed upon him. "You could n't expect Seventeen to pierce that. Indeed, I am not sure— However, to return to the point. I quite thought for a time that I had discovered him in the person of a beautiful young music-master with long hair and soulful eyes, Herr Holterhoff" —

"Holterberg!"

"Why, did you know him?"

"Of course. And loathed him."

"That's odd. I did n't know you knew anything about him. Well, he sang sentimental songs at me when he should have been putting me through my scales——"

"I knew he did, the consummate ass."

"Because he sang to me? I thought that showed his discrimination. Without undue vanity, I still think it was probably the best that could be said of him. He was romantic, too, in his own way, and I am not sure how far we might have gone in

our absurdity if L'Étranger had not created a diversion. A mere German tenor, whose cuffs—even Romance had to admit it—were not always immaculate, could never hope to compete with a political exile whose identity must for state reasons be kept secret, and who, having seen you once and once only, could never forget you, and begged most respectfully that you would lighten his loneliness with an occasional letter. Herr Holterberg's star sank into the sea from that day."

"Then at least that fool L'Étranger did that much good."

"Please don't be bitter about L'Étranger. I don't like it. And there is n't any reason. Especially from you. You must not forget that I showed you his first letter, and you said that he wrote like a gentleman and you saw no harm in my answering. I wonder that I had sense enough to make you share the responsibility, but I did."

David made a restless movement. "I have not forgotten."

"And there has n't been any harm,—at least none to me. On the contrary. It has done a lot for my education. I was thinking it all over last night. It certainly has been a curious and unusual correspondence, and I have often wondered if he is n't really some very important person. There was always that undercurrent of romantic adoration to keep the affair going, but aside from that, the letters were very clever and interesting. He asked my opinion about books—which consequently I had to read. He flattered my culture by slipping in French phrases—so I kept up my lessons. He discussed world-politics—which I should never have cared a blessed atom about, if left to myself. It may all have been unconscious on his part—I suppose, of course, it was; but, really, if I am not an ignoramus in some things, it is very largely due to L'Étranger. The people I knew did n't talk to me about those things—I suppose they did n't think I was worthy of pearls of thought. He did n't

really know me, you see, and so he gave me the benefit of the doubt." There was something wistful in the look she gave him—a mute appeal for forgiveness if she hurt him.

David sat as rigid as a prisoner at the bar, bent only on letting no show of emotion betray him. "Some people cannot talk as easily as they can think—or write," he said, impersonally.

"I know. And some people don't realize that it might be worth while trying! At any rate, they don't seem to try."

David's jaw took on, if possible, a squarer line than ever. "What about this last letter you speak of?"

"I'm coming to that. As I said, there was always, in his letters, a sort of play at love-making; but it was the exaggerated, fantastic sort that you did n't have to answer or recognize. But after a while I began to feel a difference."

David's eyes never left her face.

"It was less obviously fantastic. I almost thought sometimes— Then, suddenly, the letters stopped."

David's eyes fell for a moment.

"That was just about a year ago. There had been breaks before, sometimes for months at a time, so I did n't really think I had lost my unknown friend. In fact, I was rather—relieved. It seemed to remove a possible—complication."

David looked up sharply, but this time her eyes were on the rug.

"Then, for the next few months I was too busy to give much thought to L'Étranger fickle or L'Étranger false. A certain friend of mine who had been working too hard and looking out for everybody but himself was taken down with typhoid fever, and I, even I, had a chance to do something for him."

David flushed—slowly, as he did everything, but intensely.

"I shall never forgive that idiot of a doctor for allowing me to be taken here instead of to a hospital. It was an outrageous imposition."

A soft little smile touched the corners of Gwen's mouth lingeringly, as

though it would have liked to stay if invited. But her words were nothing if not sedate.

"On the contrary, it was a privilege which in the name of friendship you could not refuse us. You know, David, you are generous of everything except yourself."

"You mean I don't like to give myself away," he said, under feint of a half-hearted laugh.

"You are scared to death at the very thought of it," she said, cheerfully. "You put yourself into a burglar-proof safe every morning, and try to make even yourself forget the combination. I can't remember back to the time when I did n't know you, and yet I did n't even begin to have a glimmering of knowing you until you were a helpless convalescent in the house and could n't get away."

The uncomfortable flush still lingered on his forehead, and he muttered something inarticulate that was expressive only of embarrassment. Gwen waited a moment, but when it was clear that he did not mean to speak, she took up her tale.

"So—I rather forgot about L'Étranger, you see, and rather took for granted that he had forgotten about me. But he had n't, and all this time he must have thought me heartlessly indifferent. The letter which has just reached me was written at that time. In it he asks me to let him come and explain himself and try to—win my love."

David picked up his sugary teacup and looked speculatively into its depths.

"Well, what answer are you going to send him?"

"That's what I wanted your advice about."

He put the cup down abruptly and looked at her with a certain pained sternness.

"Advice? Surely you know that the only honest answer to such a letter is the one that your own heart prompts."

"You speak as though it were a simple matter to know your own heart."

"Is n't it? I have never had much difficulty in knowing what I wanted—so far as that goes."

Gwen thoughtfully pleaded the end of a fluttering ribbon between her fingers. "That's where men have a tremendous advantage over women. You just make up your mind what you want, and then you plunge right ahead and get it,—"

"Not always."

"But it would be very indiscreet for a woman to make up her mind irrevocably as to what she wanted, before she knew whether there was a chance of getting it. After a great many generations of experience, women have developed to a fine art the power of holding judgment suspended. Besides, for certain reasons, this special case has more uncertainties in it than even the average. So, I have written two answers to *L'Étranger*." She took two sealed letters from some fragrant hiding place, and balanced them daintily against each other. "They look very much alike, don't they? Square and white and addressed in exactly the same way, with exactly the same tilt to the stamp! I could mix myself up on them very easily, if I did n't look for the little cross I put on the back of one of them. Which shall I send,—right or left?"

"You ask *me*?" It was the tense cry of one on the rack.

"Or shall I put them down on the table, like this, and mix them about, so, until I don't know myself which is which, and then pick up one at random, without looking at the back of it, like this, and mail it, whichever it be?" She crossed the room, with that curious effect of sudden flight, and laid her hand on the bell-pull.

"No—Gwen! For heaven's sake not that way!" David was on his feet.

She came back slowly. As she dropped again into the great chair, she turned the envelope over.

"It is the letter with the cross that my hand picked up," she remarked.

"And that says—?"

"It says 'Come.' Why should I not send it?"

David touched his forehead with his handkerchief, nervously.

"Let us suppose a case," he said, slowly. "Let us suppose you sent it and he came. And suppose you were terribly disappointed in him. You would have lost not only your ideal Stranger, but your—I mean, it would be hard on him, too."

"One must take some risks, in any adventure," said the girl.

"But suppose it were certain that you would not care for him! Suppose he proved to be slow and dull and utterly, hopelessly commonplace!"

Gwen's eyes were fixed upon him with a startled doubt in their depths. "He could n't be that," she said, slowly. "An exile for reasons of state,—"

"Suppose that were all a fiction to lure the fancy of a girl of seventeen away from an undesirable musician."

"But—he knows French! Intimately."

"He might have picked that up from a French guide when he was a boy, hunting in the Canadian woods."

"But surely he is a man of culture! He reads and thinks and knows about the great affairs going on in the world. David, why do you speak so?"

"Because he is a fraud—I mean, he probably is. You must n't send for him." His face was stern and set.

Gwen watched him with a look where wonder and doubt grew slowly tremulous with another feeling. She clasped her hands hard together.

"Suppose, for all that, I should love him when I saw him?" she said under her breath.

David suppressed a groan. "You would n't."

"How can you be so sure?"

"Because—oh, Gwen, you do know him! You have seen him! And you could never love him! Never. You have told him so!"

With a little cry, Gwen dropped her face into her hands. David gave her a despairing look, and then got up and walked restlessly about.

"I wish I had n't had to tell you. I was mad when I wrote that last letter—that's my only excuse. The fever was already in my veins—the typhoid, I mean; not the other fever—I was used to that; and my brains did n't work right. I got to thinking that I simply could n't bear it, not to have you know—which was mere delirium. It would have been better to keep your interest in L'Étranger than to lose that and gain nothing in exchange. I knew that, as soon as my senses came back. When I understood that my wild letter had somehow failed to reach you, I was profoundly thankful. I was sane again, and I saw facts as they were, not as I should have liked them to be. If you could only forget my lapse into insanity——"

He paused and glanced at her. Her face was still half hidden, but she shook her head slightly.

"No, of course you can't,—that suggestion was mere foolishness," he said, slowly. "Facts are facts, and to ignore them is merely a pretence. And there has been enough pretence. But now, since the subject has been opened, I should like to say a little more, if I may. I should like to have you understand why I did it. May I?"

She lifted her head, but not to glance at him. A half-frightened look rested like a veil upon her face. But after a little pause she said, slowly,

"I should like to understand."

"I was not in love with you at the beginning," David said doggedly. "It seems queer that there could ever have been such a time, but there was. But you were Raeburn's sister, and when Rae died I felt that I had to look out for you in some ways as he would have done. So when that obnoxiously good-looking young German appeared, I very soon began to hate him."

A faint quiver touched the corner of Gwen's lips for a moment.

"So—I invented L'Étranger. That really was all there was in it. I knew you well enough to know

how to appeal to your romantic imagination, and I worked the vein shamelessly."

"So it has all been just a fraud from the beginning—not so at all," she said, slowly. It was not an accusation, merely a statement.

David did not flush. He was leaning forward with an intense look that made his pale face extraordinarily vital.

"On the contrary, it has been ideally true,—the truest thing in my life. Oh, of course the Étranger part was a fiction. That was only the shell. But for that matter, this commonplace business-man shell that I was born with, and with which you are often and justly impatient, is just as much a fiction—just as far removed from my real self, I mean. As L'Étranger, I could say the things I should have been too shy and self-conscious to ever express as David. So, apart from the mere framework, my letters gave you my real self—my thoughts, my dreams, my hopes, the inside poetry, the best of me. I should really like you to understand and believe that. You have not been wasting your friendship on a make-believe. L'Étranger's letters were as genuine as yours."

Her eyes widened with the wonder of it. "I can't get used to the idea. You L'Étranger! Why, all your life you have made me believe that you cared for nothing but the practical things. Do you really mean that L'Étranger's pretty sentiments—oh, the poor prisoners!—were shut in behind that scoffing outside?"

David flushed at last. "Is it so impossible to believe?"

"Well, you must admit that it is a surprising idea to take in all at once."

"Yes, nothing but the egregious vanity of a man would be surprised at your amaze. At first I did n't care whether you ever understood or not—indeed, I rather enjoyed the masquerade, and let my natural self be as boorish and stupid as—as was natural to it. Until I found that I was in love with you. Then

I took for granted that you must know what I was inside—which was vanity, and was properly rebuked."

"You never tried to make me understand," she flashed. "It was unfair to expect it of me when you never took the trouble to prepare the way."

"Would it have made any difference in your answer if I had?" he asked abruptly.

The color flamed suddenly over her face as the significance of his question reached her, and she shot a look of surprised indignation at him.

"You are the most extraordinary man! Do you suppose I would admit that I might have answered differently if this and if that? Of course not!"

"Of course not," he echoed, with a tone that gave the words another meaning. "I never really supposed that you could care for me in that way. There was no earthly reason why you should. And I was glad enough to keep what you could give me—your generous friendship. But I don't quite know how I could have managed to go through it if it had not been for L'Etranger. I used him to write out my heart to you. It was a great comfort to me, though of course to you it meant nothing but his Gallic gallantry."

Gwen looked thoughtfully at the rug. "It was rather difficult to answer some of those letters," she said.

"But you did answer them—so sweetly, so cleverly, so adroitly, that I rather lost my head. A mad idea came to me that, though David had failed, I might make you love L'Etranger, and then trust that love to make you forgive all when I had to confess. It was under the influence of that hallucination that I wrote the last letter. When I came back to my right mind, I was very thankful it had failed to reach you."

Gwen pursed her lips up thoughtfully. "Why?" she asked, succinctly.

He bent his head upon his hand with weary resignation.

"Because, even though L'Etranger were to succeed in arousing your interest, how could I, David, hope to profit by that? It would be me, the David you knew only too well, whom you would meet if you were to grant L'Etranger's prayer. I could fancy your embarrassment and dismay. So we would be back exactly where we were before,—where I had proved my inadequacy once."

She nodded thoughtfully.

"So, when you proposed, just now, to mail that letter in your hand which says 'Come,' I could not let you do it. It was so obviously unfair to let you invite a disappointment like that. If you must know, I'd better tell you—and see the look in your eyes instead of imagining it!"

"Yes," she said in a small voice, "it certainly was better to let me know beforehand."

Something of challenge there was in her small voice—the age-old challenge of the woman who presumes on her known power. He turned sharply to look into her eyes of ostentatious candor.

"Well," he said steadily, "you know now all there is to know. And L'Etranger's letter is still unanswered."

The elfishness faded from her face leaving it very serious.

"I told you I was in two minds about answering that letter," she said.

"Yes."

"This letter, which you stopped me from mailing, says 'Come.'"

"Yes."

She balanced it a moment in her fingers, and then slowly, thoughtfully, without looking at him she tore it across.

David blanched suddenly and drew a sharp breath. He did not speak at once. But after a moment that seemed long to them both, he said, in a voice not quite his own:

"Well, that's honest, Gwen. And I really did n't expect anything else, so it's all right. It's perfectly all

right, and I don't want you to think for a moment that I am going to be hurt by this. We simply won't ever speak of it again, and after awhile—But just now—Good-bye, Gwen.”

“Aren't you going to read the other letter?” she asked in that small voice. “That 's the alternative answer, you know.”

“The one that forbids my coming?”

“Yes.”

“But you have already given me that answer.”

“Still, it is hardly gracious to leave my letter unread. And I think you ought to know the reason why I forbid your coming.”

With his puzzled eyes still fixed on her face he picked up the letter that was lying on the tea-table, and tore the white envelope open. As he read, his face set itself in hard lines. He folded the letter slowly, held it a moment as if in doubt what to do with it and then thrust it into his coat pocket.

“Of course I did n't know there was any one else,” he said, slowly. “If I had, I should not have bored you with all this tale. I—hope you will be happy, Gwen. I think perhaps I may be away for some time, so you will take my good wishes, now, won't you? And again, good-bye.”

She watched him turn away with something like dismay in her eyes, but did not speak. But at the door, a thought struck him, and he turned abruptly.

“If you care for some one else, how was it possible for you to consider for a moment sending the other alternative?” He pointed accusingly at the torn fragments of the first letter in her lap.

“Oh!” said Gwen, buoyantly recovering her self-possession. “Why,

if I had mailed that letter, of course I should have torn up the other.”

“But you say in this letter that you care for some one else, and therefore it is best that we should not meet. Is your feeling for this other man so flimsy that you can destroy it by tearing up your avowal?”

“Why, I like to try things on,” said Gwen, impenitently. “And, besides, I told you at the beginning that a woman has to wait and see how things are going to turn before she makes up her mind beyond recall. I've adored L'Etranger for years, you know, and I half thought— But then, on the other hand, I half thought— And so, you see,—”

“But you can't love two people at the same time, Gwen. It is n't possible.”

“Is n't it? Well, then I suppose I don't. In fact, I'm quite sure I don't, if it is an impossibility. There must be a mistake about it somewhere.” She lifted the torn bits of the letter in her lap with a puzzled air. “There was n't any mistake about my wanting L'Etranger to come, because—well, really I have been in love with him since I was seventeen. And I am sure there is n't any mistake about my caring even more for the other one, though I confess I have n't known him so long. But if it is impossible to love two different people at the same time, I can only explain it on the theory that they are not two different people, in spite of appearances.”

He crossed the room with swift strides.

“Gwen, do you possibly mean—? I don't understand!”

“Then this is the first time,” said a small and fluttering voice, “that L'Etranger ever betrayed that he *could* be dull of comprehension!”



NEW YORK AT TABLE

By RICHARD DUFFY



RESIDENT ELIOT of Harvard, once talked with a woman celebrated solely for her extreme age and her homely wisdom. The dread summons had sounded faintly, yet near. In the hour when her life lay in complete perspective he asked: "What have you enjoyed most in life?" The woman answered unhesitatingly: "My victuals."

Of all reported deathbed utterances that I have doubted, this seems least liable to suspicion. Shall you or I be equally outspoken on the same occasion? Are we living now so that we enjoy eating? Or, do we gorge and starve ourselves by turns, as we follow any one of fifty quack theories about nourishment? Do we feed ourselves merely according to chemical notions; or, are we aware that civilization has made of a necessity—in primitive times a disgusting necessity—a social art, on which may depend the success of love, business, or the fate of empires? A man may be judged as fairly by what he eats and drinks as by his handwriting or his clothes.

There are people who will sneer at so serious an acceptance of the idea of food and drink. There are those who will lift warning brows and call to mind ancient degenerates that made gods of their bellies. Yet, neither cynic nor ascetic, both so often dyspeptic, can win to his prejudice the normal human being who must eat, and who would like to fulfil the obligation knowingly and pleasantly. Nowhere can this be done more easily than in New York.

Two things only are required: sound digestion and a long purse. From early morning until nearly as early the next morning people are eating and drinking in New York hotels and restaurants. They eat breakfast, luncheon, quick lunch, a snack in the afternoon with tea, dinner and supper. They drink before meals, between and after. If you were to read of the thousands of pounds of meat, the carloads of fruits, vegetables and other eatables that are bought to provision New York each day, you would gasp at the figures, look at them once again, and in twenty minutes forget them. You would not forget, however, that they astonished you; nor that the sum of money spent daily in New York's restaurants and hotels for food and drink is enormous beyond belief.

It is not alone that there are so many people in the city who have to eat and must therefore pay, but also that there are so many ways and so many places to eat so well. To spend six months in New York under proper guidance is an international post-graduate course in the art of living. You will search diligently and with discouragements to find plain American cooking of Egypt, Illinois. In your quest you may hear of the remark of Edgar Saltus, that "nothing can be worse than plain American cooking." You will find frequent Maryland kitchens, because there are so many Southerners who come to New York to get their real home cooking. Here, too, the man from Massachusetts may be sure to find all the baked beans and pie he wishes; for the objection you or I may have against pie and baked beans has not appreciably affected

the demand for either in this versatile city that belongs no more to the original Dutch or Mayflower descendant, than it belongs to the Italian immigrant, or to the Pittsburg steel magnate who, flushed with wealth, comes prepared to drink champagne with his soup.

But New York is not Boston; so if you dread beans and pie you have only to turn the corner into a German Speisehaus that looks for all the world like a bit of old Nuremberg planted on Broadway. Inside, the woodwork and tables are black, the pictures, college caps, trophies and mugs, of the chaste superfluity of colors dear to Teuton blue eyes. Everything is substantial and heavy as a German joke. The bill of fare is a book. You may buy a copy unless you belong to the unnameable class of cads that hold it an accomplishment to steal anything they can lift as a souvenir. The words that describe the dishes of real German restaurants must be unfit for publication. At all events, they are never translated. I have always been afraid to ask the waiter to translate some of them lest I be unable to eat what I had already committed myself to pay for. The stuff is relishable, especially if one is hungry and not hurried. And in the days of beef trust exposures one's curiosity somehow dwindles. To eat at the table of any nation one must have time; to eat with Germans one must have time and to spare.

Even if you do no more than drink beer with the Germans, you must have leisure, not only of inclination, but of fact. I have adventured in Nuremberg, Broadway, New York, with a man from Kansas and have seen him drink three glasses of beer to my one. A Texan I know would have drunk four. It is not the thirst of the superman that drives them so. It is the hyperactivity of the American nervous system by which they are mastered. For, you see, a real New Yorker is no more a thorough American than is a Parisian. He is loyal in spirit, but he cannot with-

stand the force of his foreign environment. He sips his imported beer, served not too cold, and talks deliberately in serious or in sentimental vein.

If you tell the real New Yorker that you are of New England ancestry and have an innate distaste for beer, he will admonish you that the best German physicians recommend the potion of Gambrinus; that Nuremberg is good for nervousness; that Muenchner is not so heavy, but of similar value as a sedative; that Wuerzburger is the beer for normal men who are neither too fat, too lean, nor too anything; and, desired of desiderata, that Pilsner will induce leanness. He will drift into an explanation of rye bread, of pumpernickel, of the seven and forty convolutions of wurst. You tell him you hate not only beer, but also the Germans. Undismayed, he suggests that perhaps you will like an English chop-house; takes you a few blocks away, turns into a side street and leads you into a dingy, old-fashioned doorway.

Here is no orchestra greeting you jocundly with a Strauss waltz; no mottoes of beer-land speckling the wooden-timbered walls. Instead old programs, old wood-cut prints of Forrest and Kean, of Booth and Davenport and Gilbert and of political celebrities in the days when New York came to a full stop at Fifty-ninth Street. There are mementoes, too, of the city's volunteer firemen; fishes in glass cases, hung like pictures, a framed daguerreotype here and there, and over all the musty air that seems inseparable from English ale. On the tables are the half-dozen bottles of condiments, which English cooking requires, because their cooks lack imagination and inventiveness. The real New Yorker will take you to such an eating-house for a steak, chop, or for fish. Each of these is good when served, but you have to wait a long time. To beguile the interval, the waiter will hand you the *Illustrated London News* and *Punch*. For this occasion I prefer *Punch*.

English chop-houses are few in New York to-day, and most that survive have German proprietors. Twenty years ago the chop-house was the popular restaurant. Then dining-out was more exclusively a man's habit; but with the tide of prosperity, the growth of the city, and the terrors of the servant problem dining-out has become a passion of women. Henry James regrets that New York can have no atmosphere of tradition about any of its buildings, because they are continually being made over or completely destroyed.

The restless analyst cannot have adventured into an old chop-house familiar to most New Yorkers. If he had, perhaps the exception of the instance would only have accentuated his general impression. The absence of chattering women, of a clattering orchestra, of garish lights and decorations ought to have gone welcome to his Briticized soul. He would have liked, also, the stalwart British chop and the vegetables cooked plain. For once in a New York restaurant he would have escaped French bread. If he took ale, he could have it tepid in a mug or a toby. All the patrons are *habitués* who look with kindly, curious eyes at an incomer, as if prepared to tender the usual nod of recognition. Peace and plenty are here—and *Punch*. The most strenuous are glad of these on occasion.

A contributing cause to the decline of the English chop-house was the invasion of the Italian and the French *table-d'hôte*. At first the Italians out-ranked the French in popularity; and, in the old days, when University Place was still uptown, and a man might be famous for what he ate, or for his clothes, the restaurants cherished by *gourmets* were nearly all owned by Italians. Since that time the Italians seem to have found it more profitable to become bankers or contractors. There are still many Italian *table-d'hôtes*; but the *table-d'hôte* itself is fast falling into the same class as the bargain counter. The truth seems to be that Paris is today the mistress of the art of eating as

she is mistress in the realm of frocks. If an Italian wishes to make a fortune as a *restaurateur*, he gives his place a French name and models his *menu* after those to which Paris devotes so much talent, even genius. At present Parisian cooking prevails in the most fashionable restaurants in England and on the Continent. August Keller, of the Ritz-Carlton system of hotels, is no less German than the Kaiser, though he wears his moustache in French style, and looks like a writer of feminist novels. As supervisor of the *à la carte* restaurant on the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria*, he is my authority for the intimation that the *table-d'hôte* dinner must go.

Cooking is as much a national talent of the French as country life is of the English, or keeping a standing army is of the Germans. Both men and women know how to cook. The girl who cannot cook and the girl who has no dowry are similarly defective for marriage. A man condones many shortcomings in a wife who cooks well, or who makes her cook cook well; and a husband who appreciates his wife's culinary gifts may indulge his idiosyncrasies unopposed. Molière, who had a king as patron and impresario, submitted his comedies to his cook first.

Natives of the various sections of the republic vie with one another in the product of their kitchens; and there are cities the world would hardly hear of, were it not for some dish. Caen, for example. Think of a city being known because of its ways of cooking tripe. *Tripe à la mode de Caen* is all we encounter, though the Normans have sixty ways of preparing it. *Bouillabaisse*, which Thackeray has sung so delightfully, is fish-stew from Marseilles. (Of course, it must be admitted that there are more people who like Thackeray's verses on this *plat* than there are who like the dish itself.) The earthen *casserole*, in which you can make anything toothsome, is a French contrivance that has become a fetish of the advanced New York housewife. We all like the way the French cook

things, though we do not like all they cook. Mussels and snails are delicacies French restaurants serve without rivalry from Americans, English or Germans. A scientist has averred that snails contain one hundred times more nourishment than oysters; yet the lobster palaces do not include them in their bills of fare.

But nobody of distinction of appetite goes to a lobster palace to eat. One goes there in gaudy mood, or when every other place is filled or closed, or with the kind of man who thinks gayety means overdressed women, bediamonded men, waiters rushing with champagne as if they had the fire-buckets, and a caterwauling orchestra that repeats the George M. Cohan music every fifteen minutes. At midnight the din and the excitement incline a sedate man to ask himself whether he is not in a riot. If you have a lobster digestion, you don't hear the din or feel the maelstrom of omnibuses, waiters, headwaiters and patrons swirling about you. A man who is eating lobster has to concentrate all his faculties, mental, physical, moral and intellectual on the ordeal. You have heard, no doubt, of the young lady who was asked, over her first lobster, how she liked it. "I think," she declared, "it's perfectly delicious, if there were n't so many large bones in it. They look like celluloid, don't they?"

The lobster palace is not so ancient an institution, and its rise may be said to synchronize with the decline and fall of comic opera into musical comedy. After one of such terrible mixtures of stale fun, rattle-bang music, sextets and pony ballets, the inevitable consequence is the lobster palace. What the next downward step must be is awful to contemplate!

As every one is aware, the lobster palace has outgrown the confines of Manhattan and flourishes in other cities. Chinese restaurants were profitable in Chicago before they timidly opened doors in New York, where they are still an item of slumming itineraries. Along lower Second Ave-

nue is a comfortable and decent line of middle-class Viennese cafés and restaurants where once dwelt families of social substance. Here your soup, golden-hued and glittering with green spangles of herbs, is rendered mysterious by the miniature cannon-balls of gray meat that lie sodden in its depths. With the roast you are sure to have a *compôte*; the names of the Hungarian wines look like misprints; and the orchestra, whose violinist-leader is also a physical torturist of the most extreme type, floods the high halls in *art nouveau* with music at once ravishing, tender, barbaric, strange.

From this part of the town one may go north a little way if curious to taste the spiced esculents of the Spaniard. His table is to be found more often in a boarding house, it is true, partly because the Spanish restaurant has never caught the crowd, and partly, perhaps, because the Spaniards, Cubans or Mexicans, with money to spend, drift more naturally into eating places of Parisian character. Also, since the liberation of Cuba, revolutionary juntas have become obsolete. In those conspiring days the real Spanish restaurant was a cherished property of sleuth reporters. Conspirators are now located in the oriental precincts of Syrian restaurants, or are described as drinking Russian tea to the accompaniment of interminable Russian cigarettes in the Ghetto. Even a Japanese dining-saloon is to be met with here and there, while Greek restaurants are being thickly planted in the radius of New York's Aurora Borealis—the White Light District.

You, who crave novelty, therefore, may dine with a different nation each night of the week, a device to acquaint yourself with foreign lands that is less expensive than the cheapest tour. For the lands themselves, their skies, their architecture, their history—in a word, for their entire panorama you must depend on the conjuring power of your imagination. Without imagination you will not enjoy the unpurchasable luxury to

be drawn from your foreign surroundings. More lamentable still, you will not eat and drink, you will only take nourishment more or less blunderingly. Digestion suffers, and that which might be a grace of life degenerates into a painful duty. To know what to eat, and when, is to know one of the roads to happiness. To know what to eat wherever you may be, is equally an accomplishment. It puts you in touch with a city, adds to your enjoyment, facilitates your business, acts as an automatic welcome within whatever gates chance or adventure may cast you. With this *sesame* adroit men can pose as natives after a fortnight's stay on Manhattan Island.

Breakfast, in New York and other supercivilized towns, is a negligible repast. To begin with, it is, and ought to be, as exclusive as one's bath. One may not have any appetite left if one has supped very late; or, one may not have any money left if one has supped very well. For either of these reasons most New Yorkers have got into the habit of reducing breakfast to the lowest terms, which calls to attention a coquetry of the shining city. You or I, that dine or sup to-night in an astorial palm-room, may, with no loss of self-esteem, take fruit and coffee and rolls next morning at a rapid-transit restaurant, where everything shines with the enamel of the tiled walls, from the lettering on the plate-glass front to the white of the eggs that are fried.

It is well that we should not eat too much at breakfast, that moment when we are trying to be recreate, even as all our side the world, with the coming of another sun. It is well that we should be all alone then, to face in reflective mood all the foolish things we have ever said and done—including those of the night before. To have anybody talking opposite is a jangling intrusion on that interval of fresh ideas, freshly opened pores, fresh hopes and daring for the day of struggle and unguessed import on which we are about to venture.

We eat an orange and sip our *café au lait*. Yes, real coffee, not too strong, and in quantity half and half with boiled milk. To begin the day by drinking a substitute is to assume a hypocritical attitude towards one's self at the start. If we feel that coffee hurts us, and, feeling that it hurts us is hurt sufficient, by all means let us be intrepid and throw it out of our dietary. Let us not be like the baby that sucks a rubber nipple. So we sip our coffee, and we think that this day is to be a miniature compendium of what our life will have been when we have supped for the last time. We look at the sunlight on the wall with a warmer eye, as though we would assure it of our loyalty and affection. You see what a solemn and beautiful moment it is; one to be kept inviolate even from the newspapers. After the coffee, moreover, is the best time to read the news. The mind is quickened; the mists of sleep have vanished from the brain; we are ready for the actualities of the world awake.

Of course, there are those who would be famished after such a Continental breakfast. Much as they like the many foreign traits that make little old New York the yearning of her daily two hundred thousand of transients, they insist on a good breakfast. Some of them will even go so far as to desist from wearing a derby or straw hat with a frock coat, in order to please New York, but they won't limit themselves to what they call a penitentiary breakfast. This is happily ordered; for, if everybody that comes to New York should do exactly as the New Yorkers, the city would be deprived of much of the variety and curiosity it presents to the people who are *obliged* to live in New York all the time. It is awesome to think what a dead city it would be without its ever-rushing tide of travellers.

Can you imagine the desolation of Fifth Avenue and Broadway if all the hotels and apartment hotels were tenantless? The shops would be few and far between. A theatre would be as much a monument as the op'ry

house in a town of central Iowa. The plutocratic hotel proprietors who motor through Europe twice a year would be earning honest quarters by serving twenty-five-cent regular dinners on Third Avenue. Show-girls would have to marry stage-carpenters, instead of millionaire mine-owners or lumbermen. There would be no Tenderloin; and Dr. Parkhurst, about to sail for his annual purity crusade against the Tyrolean Alps, would have to admit, with tears in his eyes, to the reporters, "I have nothing to say." All the Scotch and Irish whiskey houses would have to withdraw their opulent representatives; and nothing would remain for the wine-agent to do but take a line of patent medicines. Gamblers would have to open auction rooms to sell second-hand furniture; and District Attorney Jerome would have no art museum to raid impolitely save that in Central Park. After many previous announcements the last horse car would finally disappear from the heart of New York; and the human megaphone, who talks as the sight-seeing car runs, would be forced to write historical novels for bread, and a castle in Capri. The Night-and-Day Bank would have died a-borning.

Therefore, habitual New Yorkers slight not the stranger in the midst of your city. Into it he pours his treasure gladly and recurrently. Its fame he spreads brilliantly over his own country and in all others to which his letter of credit takes him. He feels better in New York than in London; he is understood more easily in New York than in Paris; he can swing his muck-rake in New York and not be arrested for *lèse-majesté* as he would be in Berlin. Frown not if you see him gorging oatmeal, ham and eggs, wheat cakes, fried steak and onions, with French fried potatoes, for his breakfast on a torrid 15th of July. Remember those things taste good to him, and that he eats them because he likes them. Can you ask a better reason? Besides, if he stays here long enough, and up late enough, he will be affect-

ing the same light breakfast that you prefer.

Usually, the man who eats a heavy breakfast takes little or no luncheon. That is, if he has sense and anything like a responsive sensory system. In New York, however, for either social or business intent, one must always be prepared to enjoy a midday luncheon, corresponding to the *déjeuner*, or real breakfast of the French. While breakfast should be eaten in privacy, luncheon ought in nearly all cases be made an excuse for a congenial meeting. It is the most adjustable of repasts. To luncheon one may ask an acquaintance of two hours; one's wife to feast the birthdays that he and she no longer count, but remember; or one's still youthful mother-in-law.

With the approach of the dining hour begins the most dazzling portion of the brilliant pageantry of a New York day, which, like the mariner's, is a day and a night. From Madison Square to old Long Acre countless light signs suddenly are revealed, flamboyant as much of the jewelry worn in this section. Hither come the festal crowds, with bright expectant faces, crossing and scraping the homebound lines of workers. Gradually and discreetly Fifth Avenue bares to the view her long line of lamps that look in twilight like pendant pearls. Down the shiny asphalt hansoms, broughams, victorias move swiftly to the clicking hoof-beats of horses, passed now and then by the speedier insectile gait of the cumbrous electrics. They draw up confidently before smart restaurants, whose footmen lavish obsequiousness in nice proportion to the equipage, the toilette of Madame, the easy air of command of Monsieur. Behind the deferential crooked back of these servitors glide in unnoticed the arrivals on foot. Unnoticed only until the coat-room boys reach for the men's hats, and indicate the whereabouts of maids for the women. By seven o'clock no tables are disengaged in the main hall. Habitual patrons may be seen

pleading without avail for an opportunity to spend their money. In some remote alcove an orchestra plays. At this time it receives slight attention. The women are studying one another's gowns, indulging in rapture over this one, sniffing at that, and frankly smiling at a third, which they know must be the product of the "stylishest modiste" west of Chicago. The men pretend to be interested, and really are interested when a gown, that is described as a perfect dear of a Paquin, happens to bedeck a form of unmistakable appeal.

Your *vis-à-vis* falls into silent rapture as glory after glory in women and clothes dawns upon her gaze. You see a celebrity here and there, nod to a friend at a near table, accept the headwaiter's "Bon soir, M'sieu'" with a flattered air, and ponder on the architecture of your dinner. If you are easily pleased you accept the *table-d'hôte* without question, and apply your discretion to the list of wines. But if you have a soul above prunes, you will indulge the æsthetic pleasure of ordering your dinner, with a due regard for her mood and yours, for the day of the week, the state of the weather, the time of the year, the play or the opera you are to inspect later, the amount of time and money you have to spend. Whether you have time unlimited and twenty dollars, or a million and only ninety minutes, you will not eat too much or drink too much, conscious that moderation is as fixed a law of art as of morals. Until your first dish is served you may muse again on the elegance and beauty and glitter surrounding. There are the color and wondrous sheen of the clothes and the hair of the women, the strange lights in their jewels, the stranger in their eyes, the gleam of shoulders against the silhouette contrast of the formal

dress of the men, the brawling murmur of voices, cut into sharply by sudden laughter.

Throughout the city, in varying degrees, the same diurnal comedy is now in being, on ground floors, on roof gardens, and in cellars. The shop-girl and her sweetheart revel in the lights, the tawdy decorations and the general joyousness of their humble *table-d'hôte* with wine. The bourgeois dines out one night a week with his wife at a *bourgeois* restaurant, where the orchestra plays the old operas that seem to have been written for their springtime of romance. Along the Avenue the smart dine with their wives—or, with somebody. It is not good for man to dine alone.

The solid Middle Western merchant and his wife, of lynx-like observation, who have been making little economies for the New York trip during six months, let money sift through their fingers to-night as so much sand. The pale young man, of Emersonian brow, whose grandfather founded a fortune on a shoemaker's last, is known to the waiters as a millionaire from Boston. The handsome middle-aged man, of military carriage, whose *vis-à-vis* is appraised by the universal gaze, is a bank clerk. His story will be in the newspapers some morning. The visitors who have come resolved not to spend all their money are here; and they know that when they have got back to the routine of home they will have spent more. Dining also are the native New Yorkers, who always spend more than they have, no matter how much they acquire, one way or another.

In the city of illusions the hours of toil and stress have come to a pause. The children are let out to play; and they hold with the wise man, who said: "A dinner lost can never be regained."

THE BROKEN URN

By EMMA BELL MILES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALDEN K. DAWSON



ABOVE the cabin, in the edge of the clearing, stood a great irregular block of sandstone. Gaunt and barren it may have been, as first fallen from the cliffs that towered behind the forest; but centuries of weather had made it a thing of friendliness and comfort. Succulent grasses, rooted in the loam accumulated by the yearly drift of fallen leaves, sprouted from every crevice; ferns trembled over its edge; the fence led only to the rock on either side, so that its bulk interposed to spare the mauling of several dozen rails; a hollow scooped under it on the woodland exposure afforded shelter in winter to any number of pigs; and beneath the overhang facing the valley two little girls had built a playhouse. Here signs of frequent occupancy were not lacking: the ground was lightly printed all over by slim bare feet, and the rock was smudged with wood-smoke above a tiny furnace of stones. No real playthings were visible, but the rock shelves were stocked with potsherds and broken crockery, and there were tin pails and even little skillets and cookers, cleverly fashioned from old tin cans, for the making and serving of real bear-grass salad.

It was, however, too late in the season for bear-grass. The tide of young summer had brimmed the valleys, and came rushing up the slopes to burst along the bluffs in a high-flung surf of laurel bloom. The two small friends were seated now on the grassy top of the rock, shaded by a great

arching tupelo; they were piecing quilt patterns. They had laid out for comparison on their knees and about on the grass, the Eagle, the Dream, the Texas and Kentucky Stars, the Crazy Ann, the Tree of Paradise, and three or four varieties of brick-work and log-cabin. The pattern under immediate consideration was the Broken Urn.

"I been a-studyin'," said Nigarie, the sprightly, dark one, "whether hit would n't be the prettiest to piece the urn out whole."

"Let's try hit that-a-way," agreed Sarepta, a child with an angel's face.

Against nature, the beauty was also the worker, and Sarepta's small skilled fingers swiftly cut and laid out in pink and brown calico the design they had mentioned, her big gray eyes shaded by sumptuous lashes, brooding full of tender dreams above a tangle of flaxy-gold curls falling about the down-bent, intent face, pure in outline and tint as a pearl.

Even loquacious Nigarie sat acutely observant, scarcely speaking, her three-cornered kitten countenance with its hard, round little cheeks under the beryl-green eyes puckered to disproportionate anxiety, till the urn was an accomplished fact, so absorbed were they both in this, their one avenue of artistic expression.

"Hit's some like grandma's Vase of Friendship," commented Nigarie, drawing a long breath when it was done.

"We could call this the Friendship's Urn," suggested Sarepta, timidly. Nigarie usually did the suggesting for the pair.

That small person now ran a reckless hand to the bottom of her basket and plowed up her collection of scraps. "This rosebud sprig's the prettiest I've got. Hit's a piece of Easter's weddin' dress," she volunteered.

"I've got one block all pieced outen scraps Easter an' Ellender given me," Sarepta showed it.

"I've got one made all outen the boys' shirts, and some over," Nigarie tossed her braids. "Harmon's and At's, and this pink stripe's Macon's, and this n's Joel's, and here's Mart's; and hit's set together with Sam Stetson's."

"Sam Stetson's!"

"Cert'n'y; I reckon Sam Stetson ain't none too good to have a piece of his shirt in my quilt if his pappy does keep the hotel, an' he is goin' to school in the settlement. I wish't I could swap you out of that blue gingham, Sarepta. I want hit to go with this sprig weddin' dress."

"I'll—I'll let ye have it all for—that one." The gray eyes glowed as she indicated the pink striped scrap from Macon Kinsale's shirt—and she cherished it tenderly, tucking it jealously deep in the bottom of an orderly basket when Nigarie willingly exchanged it for the blue gingham.

The trade effected, they sewed busily.

"That's goin' to be plumb pretty," commented Sarepta at last, leaning to look at her friend's work. "Do you reckon you'n me'll ever—make us a weddin' dress?"

The sweetest imaginable color crept over both little faces, and shining eyes were bent swiftly to their needlework.

Sarepta's fingers stole toward the pink striped scrap in her basket.

"Mine'll be silk," said Nigarie confidently.

It was even so. . . . All through the years, Nigarie was shielded, favored. As an only child, she went to school while Sarepta was fulfilling at home the duties of the eldest girl in a large family. Work was found for Nigarie at Stetson's summer hotel, and when she came home it was to

make ready for her marriage to the proprietor's son, Sam Stetson. Sam was in business now in a flourishing little city, and doing well. Nigarie promised to write often to Sarepta; but soon the letters became fewer, and after a time they ceased.

Even while there was communication, Sarepta had slight understanding of Nigarie's social evolutions, as described in occasional newspaper clippings enclosed. Statements about refreshments, decorations and costumes conveyed little meaning to a mind accustomed to clothe its thoughts in the antique dialect of the mountains. But she made out that the wedding dress and several others were indeed of silk.

She was not disturbed by that, for she could dwell on her own wedding, when she came down-stairs, shining with a mysterious happiness, in her lawn and cheap ribbons, to find the big log sitting-room filled to overflowing with her kin. She had tremblingly given her promise to love, honor and obey, and had kept it, with a willing spirit if not always to the letter. But Macon's "protect and cherish"—well, as a true wife she never permitted herself to form any conclusion as to whether it had been forgotten five minutes afterward. Macon had done the best he could; as time went on she reiterated that to herself almost fiercely. He had done the best he could!

After the first infare with their meagre furnishing to a cabin on his uncle's land, they had moved, in seven years, nine times, from shack to cabin and from cabin to shack, hounded by poverty and circling like stags as close to home as possible. Macon had indeed done his best; but Sarepta, whose wants were so few, had to pinch in ways she considered hardly decent. She had always lived on little; she learned now to live on next to nothing. She ate food which she had always regarded as fit only for pigs or chickens. Her mind was occupied, not occasionally but constantly, with problems that were like gravel in a shoe, as insistent as they were contemptible:

"If I divide this inch of pork, will it season Macon's potatoes for supper and again at breakfast? If I pick a mess of services to-day, have I got sugar in the house to make a cobbler for Sunday dinner? Can I, by piecing Macon's shirt sleeves, and lining the yoke with flour-sacking, get enough out of this gingham to make me a sunbonnet?"

Women always get the worst of poverty. And Sarepta was no miser by nature. Some wives eat the biscuit end of the pone and the skin of the meat because they are afraid no one else will; she chose them because she could not bear that any one else should have to.

Again and again they strained every nerve and sinew to win a shack and clearing of their own, only to be disappointed. Every time, just as the signing of the deed seemed a probability of next week, something happened—a drought on the garden, a murrain on the cow, or another baby. Three of these had come—and gone—leaving no more visible impress than a little less elasticity of Sarepta's figure, a little deepening of the shadow behind her beautiful eyes; for each, after a few weeks of ineffectual striving to digest the cows' milk which the poor mother was obliged to give it, had quietly straightened out in her arms and died.

The fourth was three weeks old and already ailing, on the day of Nigarie's return.

Sarepta heard the news from a neighbor woman who shared her tubs and huge pot and did washing for the hotel people. Nigarie's fat baby, her airs and her summer wash frocks were subjects of an intermittent conversation that went on all morning below the spring in the hollow. The mountain woman's beauty one might almost say was undiminished by her hard life. In the limp unlovely frock it shone out a luminous, incongruous fact. No one seeing her, pounding away at the bat-block and replying with mild monosyllables to the rhapsodies of the other, would have guessed that she was almost sick with

terror lest this last puny life slip also out of her grasp. A woman must learn to chatter of other things, lest the gods take notice and in pity slay.

It was the first of April—beautiful weather, but the hard time of year, when the hungry winter has gnawed the last scraps of pork rind from the smoke-houses of well-to-do farms, and the small fruit and truck-garden have not yet begun to relieve the poor. Sarepta was dreading the approach of hot weather on the baby's account; yet she was wondering how to round out a good dinner for Macon from bulk pork and meal. As she carried the last of the wash up to hang it out on the fence, she saw the flicker of a white dress moving along a woods-path. Some one was coming to see her—some one fashionably attired, yet carrying a baby on her hip like any mountain woman! Then she recognized Nigarie.

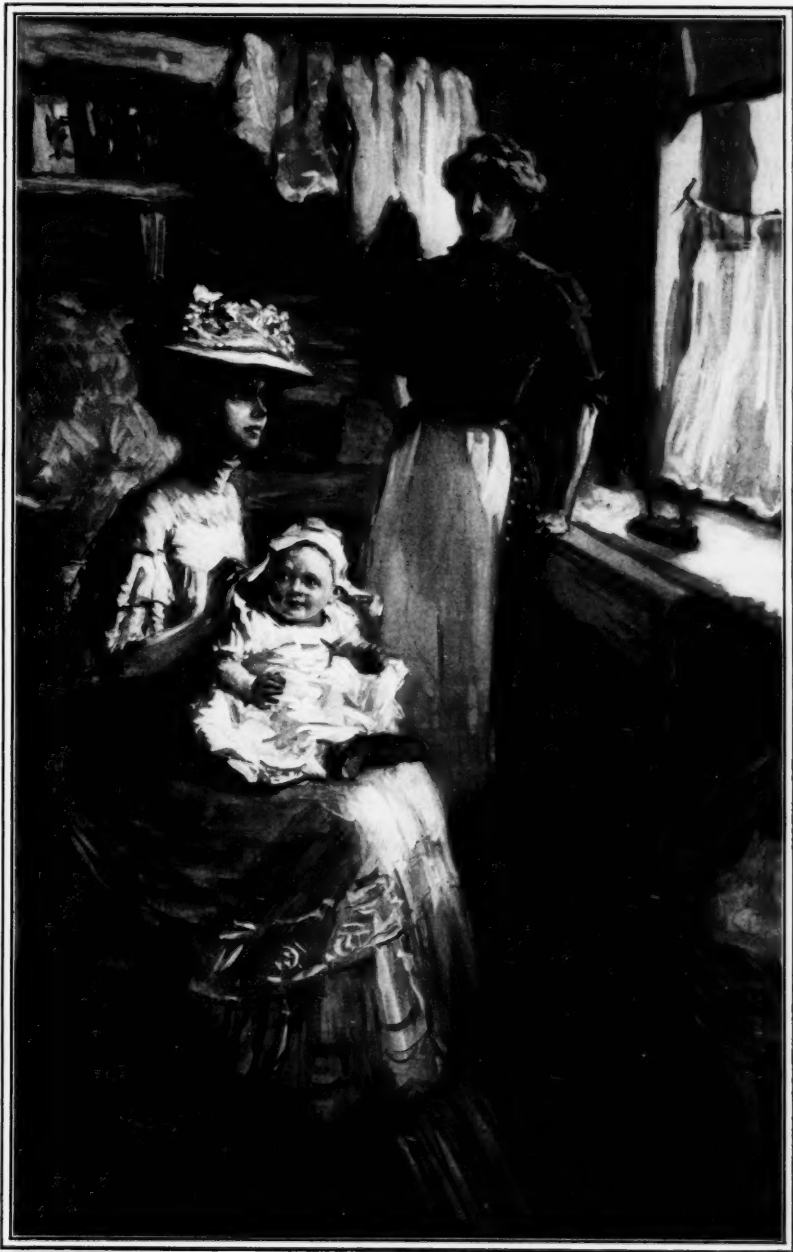
She stood and trembled, without a word to say, abashed not at all by Nigarie's finery, but because she did not know on what ground the visitor would meet her.

Transgressing all mountain custom the new-comer flew at her with a little laughing cry and kissed her on the cheek.

"My, ain't you pretty yet!" she said half enviously as she entered the cabin. "I've been to the bear-grass rock—remember, Sarepta?" Nigarie's bright eyes were full of misty recollection as she untied the baby's cap. "It's just like it used to be," she said thoughtfully. "Funny how things stay, and we change. I filled Sammy's apron full of bear-grass; shall we have a sallet for dinner? Where's your baby, honey?"

With a catching of the breath that was almost a sob, Sarepta brought out the thin little occupant of her cradle. Without a word she laid it across Nigarie's knees.

The little creature began to wail feebly, and before his mother could take him and hush him, Nigarie, moved by what impulse of immortal compassion who can say, lifted him to her breast.



Drawn by Alden Dawson

NIGARIE'S BRIGHT EYES WERE FULL OF MISTY RECOLLECTION AS SHE UNTIED THE BABY'S CAP

"Why, he's starved most to death," she said gently. "I reckon you ain't been able to nurse him. I wish I could—why could n't I?" She broke off and laughed in her usual elfish inconsistent fashion. "Sammy pesters me most to death," she said with apparent irrelevance. "There ain't any fun stayin' at a hotel with a baby. I'll bet I'll never try it again. As soon as he's old enough I'm going to leave him with Mother Stetson. He's so spoiled he would n't do anything but holler if you put him down."

But skilled Sarepta had taken the fat little new-comer with his royal airs of kinghood and disposed him on a quilt upon the floor. Smilingly, silently, she furnished him with a green switch, and attracted the cat's attention.

"Well, you are a wonder," Nigarie said—"but then, you always were. I'm sick of the hotel—do you reckon you could board me for the rest of the time I want to stay? It would be like the old days—and you could take care of Sammy when I wanted to go somewhere."

Sarepta on her knees looked up at the ruling spirit, sitting above her, nursing her baby, and a mighty gratitude, a wordless emotion which she could not for the life of her have expressed, shook her from head to foot. Here, then, was the answer to her prayers.

"I'll make you as comfortable as I kin," she managed finally to say. "We're mighty poor folks—but you know that—you heard it over at the hotel before you ever put foot in this house. Oh, Nigarie, if you would only stay with me a while!"

And so the butterfly woman, the little cuckoo who never wanted a nest of her own, folded her wings for a season in this humble place. She nursed Sarepta's baby as she nursed her own. The envious eyes of the mother were on her as the little fellow's thin body rounded, and the puny limbs grew stronger. To Sarepta it seemed almost a miracle from heaven, and the little cabin a holy place.

The days were filled with a deep peace and vital joy. Nigarie was happy in having some useful work, or rather in being herself actually necessary to the daily welfare of others; Sarepta, in watching her child grow, in the presence of a dear and merry companion, and in seeing Macon take that long-looked-for "start." For he, profiting by Nigarie's presence, secured work with a valley farmer, and began working out the purchase of some two acres of land. He came home every Saturday night, carrying on his back provisions for the coming week, and left before day on Monday morning. Hence Sunday was the white milestone of the week to both women; for Macon was gifted with temperament and charm.

Sarepta's kitchen outfit was hardly less crude than that of the playhouse had been, yet she always contrived a little feast for his day at home. Talent he had, too. All the long still afternoon and after the moon had climbed above the mountain he sat on the porch, his chair tilted back against the house-logs, and played upon the banjo. He played, and set the whole fragrant night throbbing, until their only neighbors, among the pines far up the height, sat listening too, in another cabin door; played until the two mothers, the long-continued rhythm going to their heads, sprang up, took hold of hands and danced together like two girls over the shaking puncheons; played until the spiders peeped out from the roof-boards to hear, and the hippo-wills came right up to the fence and thrilled the night with their wild jodeling. And in truth his music was hardly less eerie than theirs; a barbaric jangle, interspersed with strange rocking whoops and calls, and elaborated with curious fingerings—snaps and slides and twangs unknown to banjo-players outside the mountains.

There were in it tone-pictured incidents of cabin life, and echoes of the larger enfolding life of nature—murmuring undertones as of drumming rain, ghostly half-whispered minors, and long chuckling meditations mel-



Drawn by Alden Dawson

THE TWO MOTHERS JOINED HANDS AND DANCED TOGETHER

lowed as if by the product of hidden stills. He sang too in the excellent baritone of the mountaineer—not the elder ballads which girls delight in and mothers croon, but man-songs—real folk-song of raid and foray, rollicking drinking-songs, with boast and challenge, and peculiar baying rhythms that reached a climax in the long-drawn hunting-yell.

Some of this music was known to his hearers; some, unacknowledged, was his own composition or improvisation. Nigarie had heard better in theatres, of course, but this was knit in with her earlier recollections. To this every fibre of her being responded as to the dramatic element—breath of sweet keen frost or exultant storm.

She had not known such contentment since she left the mountains.

"We've been everywhere, Sam and me," she remarked one evening as

the three sat together in the dark. "I've lived at the sea-shore, in the West, and we had a winter in New York; but I always wanted, I think, to come back here—on a visit," she added the concluding words hastily, for she knew that no place on earth could hold her long.

In the fall Nigarie Stetson returned to her own life. Those restless, wayward, eager feet went back to seek new paths—and yet new ones. Sarepta watching her departure through tears that were not all bitter, a round, rosy baby on her shoulder, knew somehow that the visitor would never return. And she wondered at herself meekly. Where was the bitterness of loss, where the canker of envy she had once thought to endure when this moment arrived?

She turned a thoughtful face and kissed her child. She entered her small

dun dwelling and looked about at smoke-browed beam and roof-tree with new eyes. She began to realize that in the unhurried, intimate conversations of those long summer days she had come into an understanding of the quiet, unassailable dignity of her own position, and learnt the intrinsic worth of usefulness as contrasted with the false value of unearned riches. She felt dimly and half unwillingly, as she contemplated Nigarie's lot, that there was something almost disgraceful about being "kept" in soft and delicious idleness. Even the remembrance of the three starved babies was no longer a bitterness. Surely it were better to have borne and loved and lost them, every terrible, precious memory of them, than to bear the burden of feverish apprehension which Nigarie evinced toward motherhood itself; to speak continually and openly of the baby as an unearned burden.

She established her boy in his cradle, preparatory to taking up her work. She was suddenly full of a zest for life to which her days had long been stranger.

Macon, having completed his purchase of land, was now busied near home, hewing logs for a cabin of their own. By way of doing his best he had come into the house, ostensibly for a drink, but really to try a new tune on his banjo. At some political meeting the phrase about "dipping

the pen in gall" had caught his fancy and suggested to him a new couplet to which he was tentatively fitting an air:

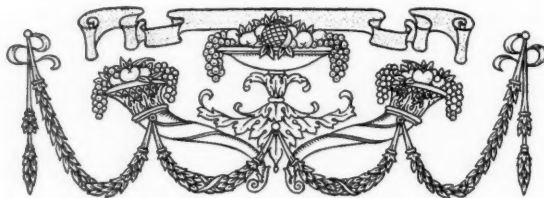
"I dip my pen in golden ink, to
write my love a letter,
And tell her that most every
day I love her a little better."

The nearly perfect monogamy of the region renders it unlikely that a mountaineer compose verses in honor of any but the one woman. As his wife came in Macon tossed the new song at her with a half humorous, but wholly gallant bow.

She laughed, as it seemed to her, immoderately—there was so much to laugh at! She turned once more to the babe in the cradle; how rosy he was, and how he laughed, too. She went, on feet that love made light, to prepare her dinner of herbs.

Later, she might lose sight of the vision somewhat, for we are all as incapable of holding constantly to great thoughts as of putting such definitely into words; but when the trailing glories paled, here was a child, gloriously alive, to remind her that she had once been inspired with the profoundly rational courage of seeing things as they are.

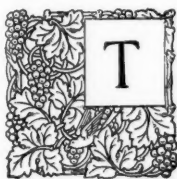
And on the cradle, pieced by Nigarie in the summer mornings while both babies slept, lay a little quilt of the pattern they had named the Friendship's Urn.



SIR FREDERICK TREVES

A SURGEON WHO HAPPENS TO BE A MAN OF GENIUS

By WILFRED T. GRENFELL



HERE is something in some men that casts a kind of spell over those who come within reach of them. Preachers and orators there are who hold huge audiences of people of every grade of culture, and who are equally magnetic with individuals in the home. There have been soldiers whose armies could scarcely help winning battles, for the units of rank and file had no sense of fear or doubt, having no will but that only of the imperious will behind them. There are men who, in the casual acquaintanceship of life, impress their personality on others in just the same way. When certain sailors that I have known were on deck, I could sleep in fog on a lee shore, and their crews could make a ship do things quite impossible except when the skipper was on the bridge. How many a burglar has been restored to his relations by the power of a particular attorney to fascinate twelve good men and true! Women have perhaps more frequently displayed this power, and not always by their mere beauty, or their rank, or their grace, have twisted men around their fingers and made fools out of wisacres, and even upset kingdoms. Some call it genius, which is only a name to describe it by. It is surely an action and reaction, a force and its result, such as exists in the reaction of a coherer or a keyboard to a wireless wave. Personality, I always like to call it; because it is not proportional

merely to brain substance and does not attach itself to every "Scarabee" or scholar. Nor does it depend on the body. If it does, then it has not been characterized always by size or beauty. But it works through the body, and, whatever it is, the man of whom I write has it, and has much of it. And it is an all-important attribute for a medical man.

I have known Sir Frederick Treves to tackle many diverse propositions, from sailing an open lugger across the English Channel on a dirty night, through handling, as a young lecturer, a crowd of medical students who had traditions to maintain that even Bob Sawyer might have envied, and again through entertaining crowds of the sharpest London urchins and holding his own there (to my mind, a more difficult task still), to standing before kings; and, in the "American language," I never yet knew of his being "fazed."

We used to say, when I was a school boy, that if a fellow was really good in one branch of athletics, you could pretty well count on his being good all round; when the cricket season was over a good man would find his place at football, and could generally be looked to for help when the Easter term brought the track team out. And so it seems to me of Sir Frederick Treves. To me he has always been the ideal all-round man; and I would just as soon to-day take his advice on how much of the mainsheet to get to claw a vessel best to windward, as I would on how far to venture in a delicate surgical operation.

If Sir Frederick Treves was scheduled to speak after dinner, you might be certain that his remarks would be helpful to digestion with their dry, terse humor. Yet at the same time you could count on his not blinking the subject for conventional reasons. One speech alone has been almost enough to make him famous, a speech in which he included among the dangers to our soldiers in South Africa during the war "the plague of flies and women." That speech was far from wasted breath, as he well knew.

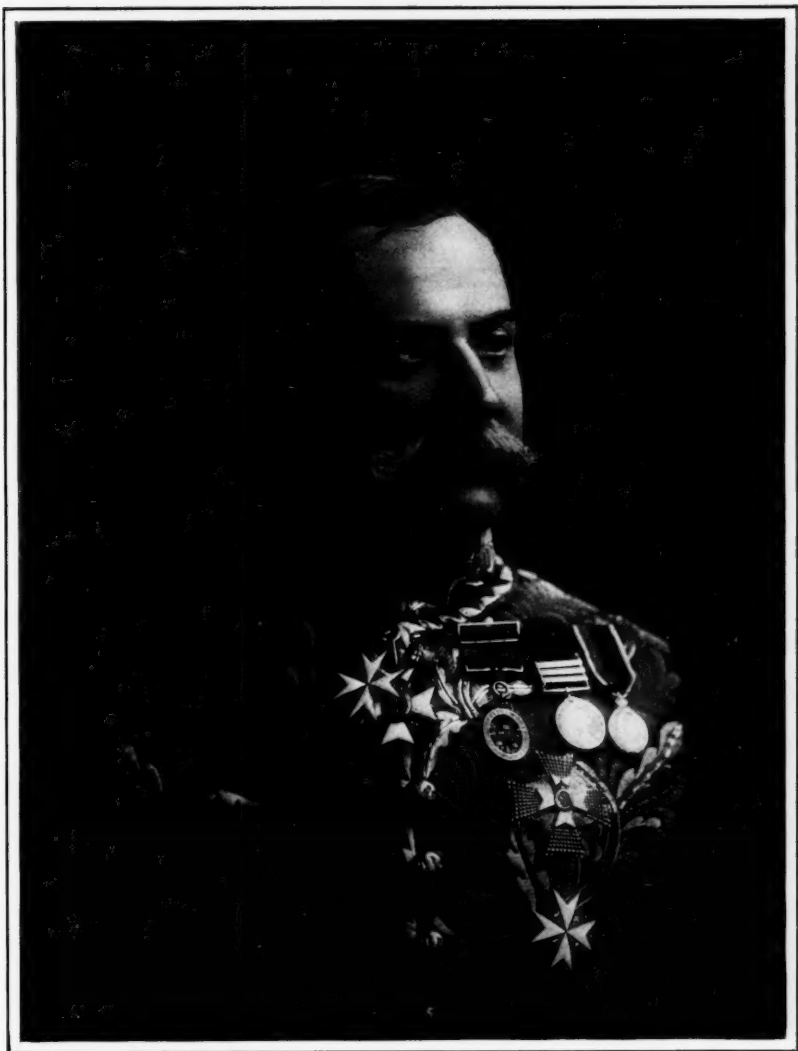
Again, if it was a surgical lecture he was to deliver, you could be sure you would go away with the facts in mnemonic form. It was sure to be delivered on the same plan that Moses wrote the first chapter of Genesis on, which latter has worried so many good men because the patriarch didn't give primeval man a work on the lines, and at the length of, a Thomas Carlyle. I remember his trying to impress the definite existence of the peritoneum and its importance on our minds at a surgical lecture once, by saying: "Gentlemen, I have come here from dissecting a hippopotamus at the Zoo, and I was able to swing freely by its peritoneum." (He was surgeon in ordinary to the London Zoological Gardens to fill up the time between ten thousand other duties.)

If you found an article of his in the *Lancet*—which does not as a rule rival the comic journals for attractive reading—you would be sure to read that article through; for no one ever knew him to write a pot-boiler. His name was always a guarantee that there was something he wanted to say worth saying, and, however dry or professional that was, his article was always full of humor. Moreover, you would wonder how the solemn scientific authorities that you yourself have stood so in awe of, could have listened to such sensible but revolutionary speaking unless they preferred to think it was all banter. He could n't do the most ordinary thing in a conventional way. Though com-

paratively poor in those days, we students always looked to him for a good prize for athletic contests. I was delegated as secretary for the Rowing Club on one occasion to interview him on the subject of a forthcoming regatta. He promptly presented me with a huge three-handled beer tankard to be competed for in an ordinary dingy—"with a coxswain, that the oarsman may devote all his energies to the progression of his boat."

As a conversationalist, I personally have never fallen in with Sir Frederick's equal. During a long summer vacation spent with him and his family in the Scilly Islands, it was the custom to sit out in the evening on the roadside (I can't claim the cottage had a piazza); and night after night those who were of our party listened to stories none the less keenly because some parts were playfully legendary. On the other hand, so adaptable and unconventional is he that, when I first went to sea among the deep-sea fishermen of the German Ocean, again and again things were told me, and retold, by "unlearned and ignorant men" who had sat at the feet of this landman on their own lockers during a single short voyage among them. It had greatly surprised some of them that, in a winter trip on the worst fishing grounds anywhere, they "could n't capsize that doctor." Moreover, on one occasion when we had landed at Ymuiden, into which our fishing smack had run with a cargo of fish, we went on to Amsterdam, where nothing seemed to delight Sir Frederick so much as that, in our sea-faring garments, we were not looked on as fit to enter a decent hotel for dinner.

As a writer, the world is beginning to know him in other than professional fields. His "Tale of a Field Hospital"—a short brochure written after his visit to South Africa—is a classic, and has been described as "the best thing written about the war." His epigrammatic, terse style, and the underlying depth



Photograph by La Fayette, London

Frederick Treves.

In the uniform of the King's Household

of sentiment that characterizes the man everywhere, come out better in none of his writings. His book called "The Other Side of the Lantern," written after a trip round the world,

seems every probability I shall only go there to be plucked."

Those who know him only as the inflexible surgeon who removed limbs wholesale, as in his "removal of the



THATCHED HOUSE LODGE, RICHMOND PARK, LONDON

Recently granted to Sir Frederick Treves by King Edward. (The famous Thatched House still stands in the grounds, its ceilings and walls decorated with paintings by Angelica Kauffman)

is well worth the time devoted to reading it, if for nothing else than the chapter describing the embarkation at Tilbury. It affords a bit of characteristic humor which one would gladly pay for in these days. This sense of humor greatly helped his popularity among students, a fact well testified to by his election to the Lord Rectorship of Aberdeen University—by a most unexpected majority—against a powerful rival to a "mere doctor." I have a letter written by him when sitting in the examination hall at Cambridge University in his capacity as examiner, in which he says: "I can't help being amused with the trepidation of some of the candidates, for I am myself all the while reading up for my examination in seamanship and navigation next week at the London docks; and unless I can get more time, there

whole fore-quarter for cancer," or who would open a brain or a joint, or handle the peritoneum at a time when aseptic surgery was in its babyhood, cannot credit him with those simple but lovable emotions which we associate with tenderly nurtured men or gentle women. Yet I cannot forget the emotion with which I was shown one evening a tiny sovereign gold piece given him by a grateful patient and guarded as a priceless treasure. A sailor from Norway had been operated on by Sir Frederick in hospital. His life had been saved, and he had gone his way with the hundreds of others, who as a rule never call even to inquire who was the surgeon who "did the thing." Late one evening a timid knock brought Sir Frederick himself at that unusual hour to his door in Wimpole Street. A tall,

gaunt sailor in threadbare attire asked if this was where "Mr. Treves lives." At his earnest request, though somewhat under protest, he was allowed to enter. He at once proceeded to get out a jack-knife, and from the lining of the belt of his trousers he cut out a small gold piece and offered it to Sir Frederick. On his refusal to accept it, the man was so hurt that Sir Frederick listened to his story. The man had, on leaving hospital, sought a berth at the London docks, but, being a stranger, had been unable to get one. He had got out of money, and had gone hungry day after day, though he knew that he had, sewn up in his waistband by his wife in Norway, the piece of gold in question. He had got so pulled down by bad living that he at last decided he must spend the money, but that very day had succeeded in getting a berth on a ship, and his ad-

erick's address was always a puzzle, for he was not the famous King's Surgeon in those days. All I was told was that the sailor did the thing so humbly, and yet so insistently, and departed so incontinently, that Sir Frederick found himself bowing into the darkness, holding the gold piece in his hands, and with an overwhelming sense of inferiority strongly impressed on his mind.

His latest work, on the West Indies, is an admirable reflection of his own real interests outside his profession. I think I may honestly say no man living could, without much preparation, show as exact a knowledge of every sailor through the ages, who had any real claim to be a sailor no matter whether he bore letters of marque or did his work under the "Black Jack." The first gift I ever received from him, who was the most distinguished and learned professor in the



THE LIBRARY, THATCHED HOUSE LODGE, RICHMOND PARK

vance had given the food he stood so sorely in need of. He had promptly tramped all the way to Wimpole Street. How he found out Sir Fred-

school, was Clark Russell's "Frozen Pirate"; and, if I remember right, the next was Froude's "English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century." It



SIR FREDERICK TREVES IN KHAKI
Taken in South Africa during the Boer War

is n't a mere question of loving men of the sea. It is rather because the following of the sea has a way of giving men opportunities to do things, and of labelling pretty distinctly those who respond to them. That seems to me, however, to be only natural, for if I were asked to name any man I have known personally anywhere, who has made the most of his life, I should without hesitation say Sir Frederick Treves. Yet, with countless other interests and occupations, it is as a surgical author, and a most brilliant exponent of the surgical art, that Sir Frederick has

risen to fame. It was true once, and I believe it is true still, that "Sir Frederick Treves is the most prolific surgical author alive." His pen and knife were, when I first knew him, never idle; and I can hardly say from which I learnt most. His books were classics on both sides of the Atlantic, and I doubt if any surgical work yet written can compare with Treves's "Operative Surgery" for the practical assistance it gives to a young operator who is in doubt. The book is just like the man. It says, "Do this one thing," "Use that one instrument," "Make that

particular incision," "Insert that ligature and no other"—so that you can go up to your work confident that all will go well. You are no longer in doubt, and the trepidation resulting from it, even though there be better ways of working; for you are inspired with your author's own confidence—a feeling so absolutely essential to success in surgery. You seem almost to see your patient walking away well and grateful before you begin.

In teaching, also, at the London Hospital, I never knew any man who could command the hearing he could. His house-surgeon would be taxed to his utmost on his visiting days to get the great crowd that used to follow Sir Frederick round the wards, to allow space for even nurses and dressers to pass to the patients' bedsides. When acting in that capacity, I myself have had to stand behind rows of graduates and undergraduates from all over the world, who had come untold distances to hear him and were not going to be shouldered into the background while a humble house-surgeon tried to create an unseemly disturbance by getting near the patients in order to explain the progress of the case. Not that that was generally necessary, for, with ten thousand other duties, Sir Frederick always went round his wards alone and personally saw every one of his cases every Sunday morning note-book in hand. In this way he always fully justified the trouble men took to follow him, by having groups of cases ready to illustrate the valuable points he intended his audience to carry away with them. You could always rely absolutely on his being up to time, and his students looked on him as infallible.

Those were great days for London Hospital men. The famous Sir Andrew Clark was teaching Medicine, Frederick Treves was teaching Surgery. Many a day have we students bewailed our evil fortune that those two men chanced to be in the ward at the same time. Many times have we run hot-foot from the surgical

to the medical side, and *vice versa*, in order not to miss the clinics of either of these famous teachers.

There were one or two things that specially impressed us students more, perhaps, than others. One was Sir Frederick's dogmatism in a profession where dogmatism is practically impossible; and where, if anywhere, it seems to pay best to sit on the fence, and so come out on top whatever happens to the patient. But Sir Frederick always said: "To teach diagnosis, you must diagnose. To be a surgeon, you must make up your mind, for your own sake. You won't give a patient confidence by saying, 'Your trouble, M'am, may be cancer of the oesophagus, but it may be measles.' You will never earn the confidence of your patients by not venturing on definite decisions. By ambiguous utterances and pretending to be wiser than you are, you always stand to lose your patient's as well as your own respect."

This simplicity, if I may call it so, this straightforwardness and utter absence of any pretence, contributed largely to his popularity; though in things medical, alas! the public love to be humbugged, and indeed pay well if you will only condescend to it. I can't say Sir Frederick despised medicine for that reason; but, when handed a stethoscope by his corresponding physician before a group of students at a bedside, I have seen him take it up and look through it, and ask, with a twinkle, what it was for.

Though one cannot exactly call him a specialist, yet he knew the limitations of one man, and would purposely hold an ophthalmoscope upside down to show it was the province of the specially trained men to get the facts ready. Indeed, Treves was developing, I think, unconsciously, that admirable system so perfected by the Mayo brothers, where, when any case finally comes to them for decision as to treatment, together with each patient is handed in the result of an examination of every organ that can contribute to a

correct result, each examination having been done by a specialist in his particular line—in fact, “team-work.” No man would less like to be represented as overestimating the value of the specialist as against the man who looks on a knowledge of every part of the body as essential to a correct understanding of any one part. The general practitioner has many distinct advantages over any specialist. But there can be no question that in certain abstruse cases the help a specialist can give may be just the clew necessary to guide to a correct decision.

As a chief to work under, Sir Frederick was always considered *facile princeps* in my time, and his appointment was the “blue ribbon” on the surgical side. I mention this because some surgeons are themselves great and deft at their work, but yet lose a large part of their real value to the great public, because they do not know how to trust others, and use to the real best service of mankind the great capacities they themselves possess. I mean by this that the greatest living surgeons do the work of the poorest of the poor at all our hospitals, not merely because the poorest need better attention than the middle classes—the middle classes have to be satisfied with such skill as they can pay for, not being allowed free treatment,—but because it is absolutely essential for the world at large that the doctors should know their work. For they, after all, will be far more often tended by the general run of medical men than by the giants. And doctors and surgeons can only know how to do good work by having done it. This is a certain fact. All the book reading in the world won't make a good surgeon. But a man having the actual work delegated to him under the immediate hand and eye of a master like Sir Frederick can't help being an immense gainer. The poor patient need have no fear for the result, while the world is richer for the unselfishness of the man who can stand by in the theatre full of a

cloud of witnesses, whom he would like to send away to advertise his dexterity and acumen. Instead of that he often would step to the background, while he watched, advised, and directed the hands of his house surgeons, that they might the better aid people unknown in the days to come.

There is one thing, however, perhaps more worthy of note than anything yet referred to, and that is, that no single life better exemplifies the old adage that “Work spells success.” Sir Frederick had his own way to make, without any financial backing, and only a few dollars to fall back on. He was confident enough to take a house in Wimpole Street, the haunt of the Greatest in the Profession. For years it was said that the light of the London Hospital never went out in Wimpole Street. This, being interpreted, meant that other members of the staff of the hospital had not finished burning the midnight oil before Frederick Treves was out of bed and beginning his day's work. A restless nature and the vagabond life I have myself led has kept me always an early riser. Yet through all the times I have enjoyed the hospitality of the quaint house in that haunt of doctors, I have never yet crept down early without finding that Sir Frederick had been up and done good work while I lay a-snoozing. Four A.M. has seen him at work day after day, summer and winter, the simple preparations necessary to render it possible being made in a few minutes by himself. At seven o'clock the flannels and sweater, which served just as well for intellectual work as physical, were doffed. A cold bath and a light breakfast at 7:30, and then the more conventional garments and the operative work at his private hospital; then away to the lecture-room and public. A light luncheon at home, private visiting and ward work, and then dinner at seven, and the evening always with his family. While at work, he worked indefatigably. But to be able to work—*i. e.*, to do work that is satis-

factory,—no man ever believed more in play. I think nothing surprised me more, when I first learnt it, than that a man so sought after could actually throw everything aside and leave London regularly for three months every year. This he has

hands of an outsider. This, however, I cannot refrain from saying: I have never known any one more devoted to his family; not in that silly, sentimental way in which some slobber over their own prodigies, but as shown by the fact that if you



THE TREVES WARD, LONDON HOSPITAL, WHITECHAPEL

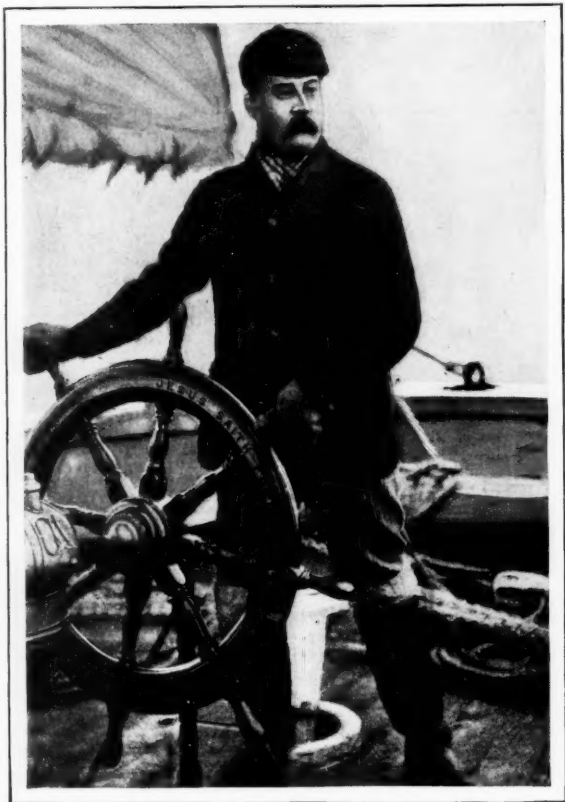
done almost as a religious observance ever since I have known him, and I think for nothing have I admired him more. Surely it is a mark of greatness to know these things, and act on them. To be able to regulate one's life as he has done impresses you with the fact that, while a master of other men, he is master of himself; that while he was a veritable Tartar in discipline with his assistants, he was equally strict with himself—and this in a man with his sense of humor, his *bonhomie*, and the love of life he possesses so abundantly, shows a versatility that very few men possess.

There is another aspect of Sir Frederick's character which I shall only touch upon very lightly. For, in spite of the permission to write this article, it is a sacred subject in the

wanted at any time to see Sir Frederick, when it wasn't his time for hospital or some other work, you need scarcely ever "ring him up" and ask if he was at home. You were safe in going to the trouble of even a train journey to town, and just calling round. In recreation hours, one was sure to find him home. A man so attractive as an after-dinner speaker, a man so well known through the length and breadth of the land, a man whose skill has benefited countless of the great families of England, a man so famous for having saved the life of his sovereign, would naturally be dined to death if only he would weakly consent to it. Moreover, there are meetings of learned societies in his own profession alone, enough almost to ab-

sorb every evening in the week. Yet all I can state is the fact that any day after eight o'clock in the evening you could count on find-

of lives, have gone a long way as adjuncts of the original personality, to produce the Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., M.D., G.C.V.O., C.B., F.R.C.S.,



SIR FREDERICK TREVES ON A MISSION SHIP, PHOTOGRAPHED BY DR. GRENFELL

ing Sir Frederick smoking his daily pipe over his own hearthstone; while two hours later, if you had the hardihood to pursue him, you would catch Sir Frederick in bed.

"To be healthy is to be wealthy," "To be healthy is to be happy," "To be healthy is to be wise." These were simply rock-bottom axioms; and, more than that, were the obediently kept rules of life in Sir Frederick's household. Early to bed, early to rise, long and absolute holidays, and at all times the simplest

LL.D., Sergeant-Surgeon to the King, etc., of to-day. The value he laid on health as a factor in life was shown in the upbringing of his children. His two daughters could fence, swim, row and ride as few can. On one occasion, taking an idea from Sir Walter Besant's book "Armoredelle of Lyonesse," a story of the Scilly Islands, Sir Frederick had made a golden torque, or bracelet, to resemble the one discovered in the story. He then announced a race for any girls who liked to enter, in the ordinary Scilly Islander's punt, such as Armoredelle

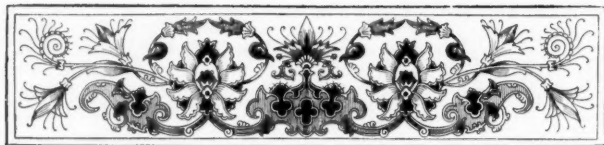
had used in her famous row. The punts were all brought to one spot, and the competitors drew lots which they should row in. It spoke well for the practice of hygiene in his own home that his daughter, necessarily brought up in London, should be able, on the fateful morning, to enter, scull away from the whole crowd, and come in a long winner, thereby earning the right to give away the bracelet at the town hall at the ball given in honor of the occasion. Moreover, the swimming race for men over forty-five was won by Sir Frederick Treves himself.

Though at that time a young man scarcely known, Sir Frederick was one of the judges chosen for the section of healthful and reasonable dress at the great "Health Exhibition" in London. When I asked him one day how he knew if dresses for his girls were really up to the standard of health, "Oh, I hold up my hat at arm's length," he replied, "and if they can kick it out of my hand without inconvenience, I consider it to be all right."

To-day Sir Frederick is a man whose advice counts more with his sovereign than probably that of any living man, a man who is exercising invaluable influence in a thousand beneficent ways in reforming abuses that have become sacred from age, and which those who could have altered them long ago have been afraid to change; a man with that peculiar and rare courage, which has never been afraid of "what people will say"; a man giving of his great capacities to these things without seeking recognition or reward; a man who stopped practising surgery at the very zenith of his fame, just when money, if he had desired that, must have rolled in like water over Niagara, and whose only explanation, so far as I ever heard one given, was, "It is better to retire decently when you can do so, than live to be kicked out later for incompetence"; a man who, as a civil surgeon, is sent out to a war, and on his return is made to take a place at the War

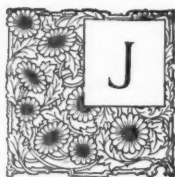
Office, and who has been most largely responsible since the appointment for the introduction of that very kind of reform and improvement which gave Japan the world's commendation in her recent struggle with Russia.

The object of this article is not to tell good stories. We have many things to do, here on the Labrador, Mr. Editor, which press more for time, than the call for mere ear-tickling stories. But of this I am confident, that among all that stimulates the youth of a nation to greater effort and higher ideals, none are more helpful, more practical, or more imperious than the life and example of a really great man. No sermon can touch the oratory of a life that is worth while. It was Frederick Treves who introduced me to a life among sailors. It was he who stated the case plainly for me, when I balanced up between a life in London and a missionary life at sea. From that day to this, in a thousand ways Sir Frederick Treves has been a stimulus and an inspiration to me, to say nothing of the thousand personal kindnesses that I, with all his other old students, am indebted to him for. The great characteristic of his life, the secret of his success is his absolute, indefatigable thoroughness. Whatever he does he does well and no amount of toil is counted lost, so long as the end is reached. I think of him when I hear "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings. He shall not stand before mean men." He possesses Abraham Lincoln's capacity for "pegging away." If any one would undertake to give to the world the life story of this man in a style that is worthy of him, I know well the story would be yet one more factor in that long group of events which tend to, and I believe firmly shall yet, one day, make this earth better and happier and nearer to the Kingdom of Righteousness, which is the Kingdom of our God and of His Christ. In this belief, sir, I have tried to write this article you have asked me for.



THE ORCHESTRA RIVALS

By ELLIOTT FLOWER and GEORGE L. LOUIS



JESSUP let his fingers run idly over the keys of the piano for a few minutes, as a man will when he is merely amusing himself. I had been listening, for Jessup is almost as clever with the piano as with the violin, which is saying a good deal, but he had been playing for himself rather than for me. Then, suddenly, he ran into this:



"Odd story, that," he remarked.
"What?" I asked.
"That," he replied, and he played it again.

"Very likely," I agreed. "It has a nice sound, but I'm not familiar enough with the language to pick out the story. I'm no musician, you know; I merely like what I like because I like it."

Jessup laughed. "What language would you call it?" he asked.

"I presume," I answered doubtfully, for I felt that I was on dangerous ground, "that the right answer to that question is, The Universal Language of Music."

Jessup laughed again. "You are progressing," he said; "but I did n't

mean that. The voice of a nation is heard in its music."

"The American eagle must scream in rag-time," I commented.

"Never mind that," persisted Jessup. "What's the language?"

"Spanish," I ventured. "It has the quick passion of Spain."

"Good guess," Jessup commended; "but this story of mine is told in two languages. Here's the other." And he played this:



"Rather short story," I remarked.

"I did n't find it so," said Jessup.

"You can do a tremendous lot with a few bars of music."

"Go ahead with the story," I urged. "You'll have to translate it for me."

"What's the language?" demanded Jessup.

"Sounded to me like the pleading of a love-sick German," I told him.

"You'll do," laughed Jessup. "The Spaniard and the German made

things very burdensome for me a few years ago." He swung toward me on the piano-stool, smiling reminiscently, and then began his story.

"The characters in this 'little play,'" he said, "were the Spaniard, the German and Kitty, not to mention the stage-manager and myself. I was leading the orchestra for a light opera company. The Spaniard was one of the violins, and the German the cello. I call them Spaniard and German, although I think they were both Americans of Spanish and German ancestry respectively. Anyhow, they had the racial characteristics. The Spaniard was quick and passionate, the German rather slow and ponderous but with that touch of romance in his soul that is responsible for some of our most beautiful music. Kitty was pretty, vivacious, flirtatious. She had been promoted from the chorus and given one song—just one song. I'll come to that later, for it made trouble.

"I don't know when the two men first became interested in Kitty; I had never seen either of them speak to her up to the time trouble broke out, and I don't believe either of them ever had, but a lover can always scent a rival. The Spaniard and the German became decidedly objectionable to each other. Kitty—I give her credit for that—had no idea of the trouble she was making, at first; in fact, she has told me that she was not even conscious of the existence of either. But they were certainly conscious of her existence and of each other's. They had no words, but I occasionally caught the Spaniard looking at the German in a way that made me nervous. And the German, usually good-natured, became moody and uncompanionable.


We all noticed it, in time. They passed without speaking, and they avoided the rest of us almost as much as they did each other. When a man begins to flock by himself it is always well to look out for trouble; when two men in the same organization begin to act that way, you

know about where to look for the trouble. I remember thinking that an explosion was likely, but, even then, I had no idea of the occasion for it.


"Well, one night, when Kitty sang her solitary song, I began to understand. It was a little love song, a simple little thing, and Kitty always got an encore. I don't remember the whole song, but it ended with these lines."

He turned back to the piano and sang the following:


Andante.




The love that a maid-en is seek-ing,— The



love by the lov-er pre-ferred, Is



love that is told without speaking,— The



love that needs nev-er a word....

"The love that needs never a word," he repeated. "That's what made the trouble. Then followed a soft interlude, preliminary to an ensemble."

The interlude carried no air with it—that is, it should have carried no air with it, but this time it did. The Spaniard was playing it, and it was clearly an answer to the song: 'the

love that needs never a word' was being offered to Kitty with all the abandon typical of his country or his ancestry—just the few notes that I gave you, but it told the story."

He played it again, this time without the accompaniment:

Valse moderato.



f





Valse.





"That's what we heard above the interlude," he went on. "To the audience, unacquainted or only slightly acquainted with the opera, it was only a part of the score, but you may imagine it pretty nearly lifted me out of my chair. Kitty gave the Spaniard a surprised look, and then smiled. It was all over in a moment, of course, but I happened to look at the German and I thought he was going to have an apoplectic fit. I looked back at the Spaniard, and he was fairly beaming with happiness. Then it was all clear to me; this little soubrette was the one who was making all the trouble. It might be that she had been unconscious of it so far, as I afterward found was the case, but it was my judgment that things were not going to be any better when she realized her power for mischief. That smile she gave the Spaniard did n't please me at all.

"Well, the stage manager was astride of my neck as soon as he could get at me. I knew he would be.

"Are you trying to make a spasm of this opera?" he demanded.

"Had n't thought of it," I replied.

"Well, that unexpected interpolation pretty nearly tied the chorus up in a knot," he went on wrathfully. "Where'd you get the idea that we needed a section of Madrid in an American opera?"

"I did n't have anything to do with it," I protested. "Alfonso worked it in for his own diversion." His name was n't Alfonso, but we called him that on general principles.

"Then you tell Alfonso that we don't want any *hidalgo* business here; that one more break like that will give him a good swift start for Spain where he can play for the bull-fights."

"The stage manager was angry, and I did n't blame him. Nevertheless, I suggested that he take a good look at Alfonso before he asked anybody to talk to him that way. 'Alfonso looks to me,' I said, 'like a man with a sharp-pointed temper, especially in matters of the heart.

I don't mind being killed, but I hate to contemplate being carved.'

"What's this got to do with the heart?" he asked.

"Everything," I answered; 'it's Alfonso's way of making love.'

"Just then the Spaniard passed us. He was still smiling, but there was something in the smile that made drastic interference look fool-hardy.

"Oh, well," said the stage manager, 'do it your own way; only make it clear that the composer of this opera wrote all the music that we care to use in it.'

"I naturally tried to break it to Alfonso gently, for I have learned that a man who gets between a Spaniard and his love is quite often pried out with the point of a knife. 'Alfonso,' I said, 'I don't want you to think I am without sympathy, but the stage manager requests me to say that we are running no affinity-bureau.'

"Alfonso, strangely enough, did not understand, so I tried again.

"When you have anything to say to a girl," I told him, 'take her quietly into a corner somewhere and whisper it to her. The stage manager, who is a brutal chap, objects to having love thrown over the foot-lights. Being also a close-fisted chap, he hates to have the audience get more than it pays for. In brief, Alfonso, cut out the musical extras or your balloon goes up.'

"You speak of the little interpolation?" he asked.

"Merely in a casual way," I explained. 'Don't get excited.'

"She has heard me," he said; 'it is enough.'

"And then some," I added; 'but let it go at that.'

"The true love," said Alfonso, 'is too sacred to be of the score all the time.'

"That's the stuff!" I cried. 'You bottle the true love up for private use.'

"I told the stage manager that everything was all right, and that made a lot more trouble for me.

You see, I foolishly neglected to figure on the German, and the German, if he lacked the originality and the daring of the Spaniard, could play to his rival's lead all right. He never would have taken the initiative, but he had the determination to follow, and he probably spent the day in preparation.

"Of course, I don't have to tell you what happened. My eye was on the Spaniard when we finished the 'unspoken love' song—I was afraid he might forget or change his mind—but he needed no watching. The German, however——"

He turned to the piano again.



"That's what he passed up to Kitty—a less passionate appeal, but just as certainly reflecting 'the love that needs never a word.' Coming as it did, I'm surprised my head did n't hit the dome of the theatre. I was ready for the Spaniard, but the German handed it to me like a jab in the back. I know just how Julius Cæsar felt when he got the unexpected one. And it gave Kitty almost as bad a shock. I had rather expected Kitty to lay out a little trouble for us, and, sure enough, she tried. But she was watching for the Spaniard, just as I was. She sang her encore to the Spaniard—not directly enough to attract the attention of the audience, but with enough directness to make him understand that she understood. And then the German cut in. It was a good deal like bidding for a mandolin at an auction sale and finding a trombone in the package you take home. Kitty did n't know where she stood for a minute, but she has a quick

wit: she recovered herself and the German got a smile.

"I detailed two men to keep the Spaniard occupied until two others could get the German out of the house. For myself, I knew I was going to have business with the stage manager just as soon as he could get to me after the show. And he did n't disappoint me.

"Is this an opera or a catch-as-catch-can medley?" he wanted to know.

"So far as I am concerned," I answered, hoping thus to calm him, 'the orchestra has me guessing. I don't know how the love-bug got loose and I don't know how many have been bitten. It begins to look serious.'

"Serious!" he exclaimed; 'it's a pot-pie—I mean, pot-pourri—of matrimonial yearnings.'

"Oscar did seem to yearn some," I admitted.

"Is his name Oscar?" he demanded.

"It is," I replied.

"Fire Oscar," he ordered.

"That's easy to say," I returned, 'but can we make the union stand for it?'

"Union!" he roared. 'Union! Do you think I'll let any union make a vaudeville love-fest of this opera?'

"Nevertheless," I argued, for I had had some dealings with unions, 'it is a difficult matter to handle. The union rules are strict, and a man may not give more than his contract calls for. Oscar's contract does not call for any improvisation. If you kicked to the union because he improvised, the union would probably hold that you owed him extra pay for extra service. Or else they'd fine him. Anyhow, they would n't let you discharge a man for excess of zeal.'

"This was so reasonable that he calmed down a bit. 'Well, it's got to be stopped,' he declared. 'If you can't fire Oscar, take him out somewhere and beat him with a club.'

"Oscar is a large German," I objected. 'A large German may be slow to anger, but he's hard to handle

when he's mad. Don't you think it would be easier and more effective to find the cause of all the trouble?"

"Meaning?"

"Miss Eldred," I said, she being the Kitty I have previously mentioned.

"What's she done?" he asked.

"Smiled alluringly upon both Oscar and Alfonso," I explained.

"What kind of a show do you think I'd have," he retorted, "if I fined a soubrette for smiling? That's what she's paid for."

"Seeing the problem that this presented, I suggested that he might argue with her. It might be unwise to discourage smiles, but they could certainly be used with less troublesome results.

"He became meek at once. 'I'm afraid to go near her,' he said. 'She's made a hit with that song, and if she gets my ear for two minutes she'll have an increase of salary. You try it.'"

"Having nothing to lose, I said I would, but I decided to speak to Oscar first. I went at him with a diplomacy that ought to give me a job in the State Department at Washington. 'Oscar,' I said, 'that line of Come to Me that you put up is fine, very fine, but it won't do.'"

"So?" said Oscar.

"Quite so," said I. "The prima donna threatens to quit."

"Because why?" asked Oscar.

"A fine, large, rotund, handsome man like you ought not to have to ask that, Oscar," I explained. "She is jealous. If you want to unload a cargo of love quietly, where no one can see you do it, there is no reason why you should not give it to whomsoever you please; but anything of that kind that goes over the footlights, in plain view of the audience, belongs to the prima donna under her contract. If you were a little shrimp of a man she would n't mind, but it makes her peevish to have a large love like yours handed out to a soubrette. You must n't do it any more."

"I already haf the last word," said Oscar. "I am satisfied."

"Well, that made it look all right to me; but I wanted to be sure, so I went to Kitty, too. I told her she was disorganizing the orchestra and should stop.

"What can I do?" she asked, just as if she did n't know.

"Nothing," I said, "except to stop noticing the light-headed fools."

"What makes you think I'm noticing them?" she inquired; and you can imagine it jarred me.

"I don't think anything about it myself," I explained tactfully, "but they think you're smiling at them."

"Men are so conceited," she said. "How can I help what they think? I've got to smile in the direction of somebody; I can't smile at the ceiling, you know, without being ridiculous."

"Trying to argue with a girl on a question of flirtation is a thankless task, but I foolishly stuck to the job. 'Aim at somebody else,' I suggested.

"You?" she asked.

"Not on your life!" I cried. "I can take care of all the smiles you want to give me in private, but nothing over the footlights! Why, I've got to maintain discipline in that orchestra and how do you think I could do it if I had to hire a body-guard to protect me from two of my men?"

"And that was the best I could get out of her, except that she thought it was very silly of me to make so much out of nothing at all. However, I felt reasonably sure of the Spaniard and the German now, so I let it go at that.

"But I reckoned without the lure of the smile and the wordless love song. It was too much fun for Kitty and she led them on: the Spaniard slipped in his interpolation that night. When I tried to reason with him he said that I ought to have stopped the German first. I knew what the German would say, and I also knew what the stage manager would say. My first job was to head off the stage manager, and I think I showed great resourcefulness in doing it. He came charging down upon

me the moment the show was over.

"'I've got it all fixed now,' I told him before he could speak.

"'How?' he asked.

"'Why,' I said, 'the thing that puts the chorus up in the flies is the unexpectedness of these musical declarations, so we only need to schedule them—'

"'Schedule them,' he thundered.

"'Exactly,' I explained. 'Give the Spaniard Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and the German Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. That will be three nights and a matinee each, and we'll all know what to expect.'

"He began to say harsh things to me, but presently the beauty of the scheme caught him. 'Can you hold them to schedule?' he asked.

"'Sure,' said I.

"'Try it,' said he.

"Well, it was fair, and I got them to agree to it. Then we had a continuous performance that was diverting to the whole company, especially Kitty. It was fine for Kitty. She was absolutely impartial, but she kept them both going. I argued with her many times, but she beat me at it always. She could look so wonderfully innocent that I was almost ready to believe that it was all unintentional on her part, only I knew it was n't. I did n't blame them much either, for she was a mighty pretty and attractive girl and could have had almost any man going. In fact, I am now convinced that she was having as much fun with me as with either of the others, although she was enjoying that novel courtship to the limit. The way those two men passed up the Be Mine music would have had some thousand-a-night stars faded to a faint shadow.

"But it could n't last, of course. One night the Spaniard and the German got together and it took four of us to pry them apart. The only thing that prevented a tragedy

was that we got to them before the Spaniard could get his knife out. Then we had them both put under peace bonds, but we knew that peace bonds would n't hold them very long.

"'We've got to end it,' said the stage manager.

"'How?' I asked.

"'If Kitty would only make a selection—'

"'What!' I cried.

"'That would end it,' he declared. 'Any man will give up when the game is hopelessly lost. All this trouble is over trying to get her. Settle that and you've settled the whole thing. Neither one of those fellows would make a fool of himself over the other's wife.'

"'She'll never do it,' I said.

"'She must,' he insisted. 'Tell her so.'

"I refused at first, but, in the interests of art, I finally agreed to see what I could do. I'm strong on art, you know, and I'd do a lot for it. The stage manager had the right idea, too."

Jessup lit a cigar with the air of a man who has finished his story.

"She agreed?" I exclaimed incredulously.

"She did," said Jessup. "She just laughed at first, but I insisted that it was the stage manager's orders and absolutely necessary to harmony. She made fun of both, but I finally struck the right note. Then there was no trouble."

"And the rivals?" I asked.

"Became the best of friends," said Jessup; "never a word between them after the matter was settled."

"Remarkable!" I exclaimed. "Who got her?"

Jessup turned to the piano, played again the Spaniard's and the German's pleas, and then broke into the Star-Spangled Banner.

"I did," he said.

DESERTER-HUNTING

By JOHN S. WISE



FIGHTING men, to make them fight for you, is a unique phase of recruiting; yet that is precisely what I was called upon to do in the late autumn of 1864 by the Confederate Government. It is an interesting chapter in the history of the desperate struggle of the Southern people to achieve their independence.

At that time, southwestern Virginia, along the North Carolina border line, was populated by a rough, independent race of mountaineers. I refer particularly to the counties of Floyd, Patrick Henry, Carroll and Grayson. They were inhabited by a singular race, *sui generis*, and although I have devoted considerable study to the effort to determine the sources of their original settlement, I have never done so to my own satisfaction. They had a good many Dutch names among them, and there was a large percentage of Dunkards and Mennonites and what not; but, with the majority, religion did not cut much figure. At that time nobody there had much wealth and—*per contra*—nobody was a pauper. They were very ignorant and very provincial, but supplied, within themselves, with abundant means of self-support, that made them fairly comfortable, according to their simple wants, and about as independent of the outside world as any community on the planet. They produced, for their own consumption, abundant supplies of corn, wheat and rye, which they ground, in good country mills on their mountain streams, or else distilled. They raised enough hemp and flax and cotton to furnish

their clothing, and were abundantly provided with domestic looms. They were well supplied with poultry, good horses and good cattle. They manufactured and drank corn whiskey in unlimited quantities, and their homes were tucked away in a region so inaccessible and remote from the line of march of the armies that they never were ravaged by a war which made itself felt nearly everywhere else. Few negroes and very few slaves were to be found among them.

They had little knowledge and less sympathy with the troubles of the slaveholders, and as a class were opposed to secession. They were attached to the Union more than to their State, but they had not very clear views on patriotism, and with the natural love of men for war, they entered the Confederate service in considerable numbers when the war came on, and furnished some excellent fighting men. The "Grayson Daredevils" was quite a noted command. But, as the war progressed, these fellows got tired of it. The hardships and privations of long service and absence from home, coupled with their lack of finer sensibilities, their former life of perfect independence, and that natural longing for old associations which is peculiarly strong in the mountaineer, made them quit without leave in large numbers, and go home. It was not a question of patriotism: it was one of homesickness. They knew, and the military authorities knew, that the task of ferreting them out of their mountain fastnesses would be like hunting for a needle in a haystack. The only way of reaching them with an adequate provost force was by a few roads, and as everybody was kin to everybody

there, a cow's-horn blown at a cabin door on sight of soldiers would give any deserter ample warning of their coming, and time to lose himself in the mountains until they should be gone, just as the same signal still serves to thwart the wildest of whiskey tax collectors. In a word, the deserter out there had a perfect "snap," so well known to his old associates in the army, that, as the pinch of war grew harder, many a fellow whose stomach for war failed him decided to visit his mountain friends until the trouble was over. Thus, in time, this region literally swarmed with native and visiting deserters, so numerous and so well armed that they assumed the local government, and ran the section as a "kingdom" of their own. The civil authorities, weak at all times, but now utterly disorganized, were powerless to repress such overshadowing violence, and the arrogance and arbitrary blackmail the freebooters levied on the communities furnished the government its first chance of neighborhood assistance in getting at them.

Things had come to a high pass in November, 1864, in Floyd County, when Colonel Bob Preston and his regiment of reserves were ordered to march over there from Christiansburg and capture or disperse the deserters. Colonel Bob was a character. He was an old man with a white Abraham beard and a build and countenance like those of the conventional Kris Kringle. Everybody throughout that section knew him. The Prestons were the largest, most influential and most beloved family in all those parts, and Colonel Bob was brave and generous and charitable and sentimental enough to deserve his great popularity. He went into the war as colonel of the "fighting 28th," and he fought it for all it was worth, from Manassas until age and the frank acknowledgment that he knew nothing about "solgerin," as he expressed it, compelled him to give it up. The army adored the old man for his courage and his *bonhomie* and was full of jokes about him.

Marching one day in column of companies, he was attacked in flank. The regiment wanted to fight, but for the life of him he could not think of the order. No time was to be lost. So, quick as a flash, Colonel Bob cried out: "Twenty-eighth! Swing round to the left by companies, like a gate, and, when you get in line, sic 'em!" The Twenty-eighth understood, and did its work all right.

Once more Colonel Bob had been called from his home, in the autumn of 1864, to command a local organization, composed of boys between sixteen and eighteen and men over forty-five years of age. This was one of the last-resorts of the Confederate Congress to secure troops for local defence, and they were called reserve regiments. Colonel Bob's regiment was one of the best of them, composed of ten companies from the counties on the line of the railroad from Bristol to Lynchburg.

What I considered a hard fate cast my lot with them. I was not yet eighteen. I had been wounded in May, 1864, in the Corps of Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute at the battle of New Market, and, through my father's procurement, had been commissioned as second lieutenant and drill-master. I thought it meant service on the staff at Petersburg; but my dear old father had already lost his first-born, and I was his little Benjamin. He had induced me to take the commission by appealing to my vanity, and then had me ordered to southwest Virginia to drill a reserve regiment, where there was no fighting. In this he made a mistake, for the day after I reported to Colonel Bob Preston we had a fine fight with Burbridge at Saltville, and our "cradle-and-grave" command did well. After that we went up to Wytheville and encamped until we were ordered to Floyd County on this deserter-hunt. A march of about twenty miles from Christiansburg, a point on the railroad, landed us at a high protected position, at a place in Floyd County called Locust Mount, in the heart of the mountains, and the midst of

"Sisson's Kingdom," as this realm of desertion was called.

The Sissons were a numerous family, nearly all of whom had deserted, and the deserters were led by a bright, resourceful fellow of that name, who was a veritable modern Robin Hood, and until then had held undisputed sway. Old Colonel Bob knew his man and did not underrate his strength, cunning or resourcefulness. The deserters had brought away their arms and ammunition with them, and were full of fight; but Colonel Bob was a good diplomatist. We went into camp and he spent some days in studying the situation. Our headquarters were visited by many citizens who all professed to have felt the burden of mob rule and to be anxious to end it, but many of whom were no doubt spies.

The Colonel learned that the deserters had a regular fortified camp not far distant, in a strong position; and he decided, in view of their numbers and experience in service, not to attack it. But he also learned pretty accurately the names of their most influential leaders, the locations of their cabins, and the fact that most of them were in the habit of sleeping at their homes at night. Out of this information grew his plans to secure these leaders and break up their organizations. But while we were spying on them, they were not idle. They had men constantly observing us from neighboring points of vantage. Under some sort of guarantee of safe conduct, Colonel Preston met representatives of the deserters and endeavored to appeal to their patriotism and induce them to return to duty upon promise of full indemnity for past offences; but nothing came of it. One thing they did pledge themselves to, and that was that their attitude was purely defensive, and that we need not fear attack from them. Lured by these assurances, and by the abundance of provisions in the neighborhood, we made bold to sally forth in search of fresh eggs, milk, butter and the like, until this was broken up by bitter experiences.

Our doctor rode out one day and was fired on in a narrow pass from a point high up on the mountain-side. When he returned to camp with a broken arm he realized that deserter-hunting was no joke. About the same time I was a little more fortunate, as I escaped myself, though my horse was hit, under similar conditions.

Colonel Preston realized that in these pretended negotiations the deserters had no other purpose than delay, so he resolved upon an aggressive attempt against them. In one or two desultory night raids, we succeeded in capturing several of their important men. How well I remember the appearance of these fellows when they were brought in. Human nature is the same all over the world and in all classes. There were the defiant men, the placid men, the reticent men, the garrulous, the bold, the cunning, just as one may see them under like conditions among much more civilized people. One fellow particularly impressed me. He was said to be a strong man in his band. He had been trapped by lying in wait for him at the home of his sweetheart. He was a handsome fellow, with a strong, determined look that was not that of a desperado, but suggested danger if opposed. The old Colonel knew him and knew his people. He talked kindly and deprecatingly and persuasively to the man—told him the injustice he was doing to his State and to himself by his course, and begged him to make up his mind to return to duty, and to go back to his companions, on his own parole, and persuade them to come into the camp of their brethren.

The scene was effective. The old Colonel did his part well, and for a time I thought he would win his man. But it was of no avail. After seeming to waver, the prisoner, though expressing personal regard for Colonel Preston, drew himself up and said: "Colonel, I have thought over and over, many a time, all you have said. My mind is made up fur good and all and nuthin' will change it. I ain't a-goin' to fire another gun.

It's none of my business that you all are a fightin' about. It's a rich man's war, and they are tryin' to make it a po' man's fight. I've had ernuff. You can send me back, or shoot me, or do what you like, but I tell you now, I'll desert again, the very fust chance I git. My home and my fambly is mo' to me than anything, and if I git killed no slaveholder ain't a-gwine to take keer o' them." The man was returned to the army under guard, and I have often wondered what became of him. The folly of trying to recruit an army from such material needs no comment.

For several weeks we continued our work, and scenes such as I have described were repeatedly enacted. At last, having ascertained the residences of most of the leaders and secured necessary guides, and having made a show of departure, Colonel Preston planned a general raid for a certain night, and about a dozen parties started simultaneously about midnight. On the whole, the raids were very successful. Nearly every party secured some prisoners. I went with one of the parties and witnessed the plan and execution of its work, which was no doubt the same as that of others. Reaching the vicinity of the cabin in dead silence the men were deployed around it. A barking dog was quickly silenced, and the commanding officer advanced and demanded admission. No answer came for a long time, although noises inside were distinctly audible.

At last admission was granted by a weeping female who pointed to the cradles of her sleeping children and declared they were her only companions. Lights were brought and a vain search made for a man, until, just as the guard were about abandoning it, strange noises were heard outside. Hurrying to the spot whence they came, one of the guard was found in a desperate struggle with a man who was attempting to escape. The guard had been left outside. He discovered the deserter emerging from the ground in the yard, through a hole that had been covered by an innocent-

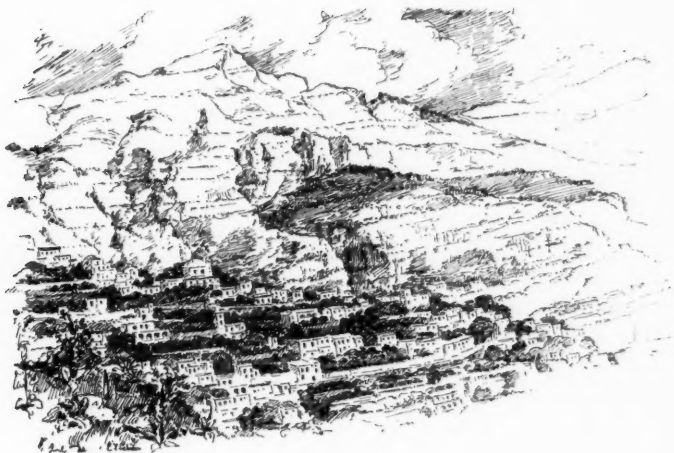
looking hen-coop; and we arrived none too soon, for, although the guard had grappled with his adversary, he would soon have been overcome by the man's superior strength. Having secured our captive, we examined his device and found that he had dug a tunnel under his house to guard against just this emergency; that when aroused he had raised a trap-door in the floor, dropped into the tunnel, and but for his almost accidental discovery by the man outside, would have made his escape. Oh, what a tongue-lashing that guard received from the irate spouse, when she found that her tears and protestations were vain!

It was sunrise before we reached camp, and when all the raiding parties reassembled, we had a wretched-looking band of prisoners.

We remained but a short time longer in Floyd County. Reliable information came to us that, discouraged by our successful efforts at capturing their leaders, the deserters had broken camp and departed for the mountains of east Tennessee. Colonel Preston satisfied himself that but few deserters remained, and that they were not influential. So we marched away, being sadly needed elsewhere.

I doubt whether the Confederate cause was benefited to the extent of one efficient man by all our labors, and I heard that within ten days after our departure the whole colony of deserters were back doing business at the old stand, and remained in undisturbed enjoyment of "Sisson's Kingdom" until the war ended.

After that, they continued to be the greatest manufacturers of moonshine whiskey to be found, and, while we often hear beautiful stories of their loyalty to the United States in war times, the same inclination to be a law unto themselves that made them fight the Confederate Government has made them swindle the Federal Government out of its revenues on whiskey, and obey only such of its commands as comport with their own crude ideas of the personal liberty to which they are entitled, regardless of government, whether Union or Confederate.



POSITANO

THE AMALFIAN CORNICE ROAD

By ARTHUR COLTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ELIOT T. PUTNAM FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

I



LITTLE red-stacked steamer carried me from Capri to Sorrento against a cold wind that blew down over Naples from the Apennines. The dawn widened into day. There were grimy laborers forward with antiquated implements of digging, baggage in baskets and roped bundles, gnawing chunks of bread. On the after deck a young priest in faded and worn garments memorized passages from a vast dilapidated book. A boy in his charge went to sleep leaning against him, one whose stockings would not stay up, who fell off the bench from time to time, pulled up his stockings and silently climbed on again. The priest gazed out of his abstraction, finger in book, and struggled with an obstinate memory.

The vetturino at Sorrento drove a fiery white pony with feathers and jingling bells. I saw the young priest glide with unworldly steps and absent eyes, the boy clinging to his skirts, through the tumult of the market square. The smoke of Vesuvius hung flat and black over the bay. The steamer glided away, and its smoke went up seeking the smoke of Vesuvius. We clattered through narrow alleys and climbed a winding highway. Steep pinnacles of hills were about, with crosses, chapels and nameless brown ruins, terraces of lemon and olive groves, pink and white villas half buried in foliage. So we came at last to look down on the opposite sea, and dropped rapidly to the great Cornice Road. The vetturino was disposed of em—with difficulty—at Positano. He wished to drive me to Amalfi and talked disputatiously. The great road was before me, where one might walk and linger and take his fill of its silence and its chances.

"A journey on foot hath many pleasant commodities," remarked Francis Petrarch, in the course of a "View of Human Nature"; "a man may go at his pleasure; none shall stay him, none shall carry him beyond his wish; none shall trouble him; he hath but one labor, the labor of nature—to go."

Like other dreams of freedom, this dream of Petrarch's is full of absent-minded assumptions. At a certain point of weariness it would be greater freedom to ride in a vettura. Men have talked of a "return to nature" as if it were possible to have departed from nature without departing from the universe, or as if, when they had returned to wherever they were endeavoring to return, they would be somehow less subject to the tyranny of conditions than before. "He hath but one labor, the labor of nature." He never had any other. If we ever get away from nature, which is problematical, it is only when we travel, as Sir Thomas Browne recommended, "into a very far country, even out of ourselves," seeking a pearl called happiness, "not in the Indian but in the Empyrean ocean." Within the kingdom of conditions liberty is as subject as physics to the laws of compensation, of complement, of variation around an average. A hawk pays for the efficiency of his wings in the air by the inefficiency of his legs on the ground. He is swift but he cannot eat grass, and a confined appetite cripples liberty as much as a confined locomotion, so every discriminating traveller knows.

The advantage of walking is that one travels on the whole more significantly. There is more to be gained or lost in going a mile in a half-hour than in going twenty miles in the same time; and its evil and good have more salient features.

Two derivative ideas spring from this; the first, whose bearings are evident, is, that the penalty of speed is uniformity; and the second is one of those ideas in which one does not pretend to see more than a glimmer of one or two facets—namely, that

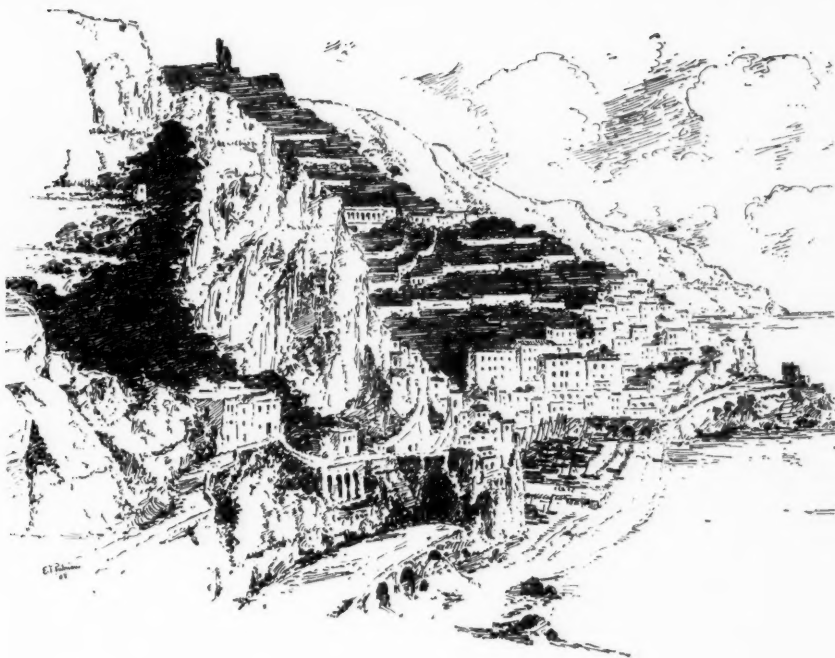
differences in time are probably more significant than differences in space.

Some men desire ideas that they can see all about, and pronounce to be square or round, or denounce as irregular. They have no liking for an "O Altitudo." So they say of writing and speech, that if they are not to be readily and wholly comprehended, the fault is in indifferent thinking slovenly expressed.

I can not bring myself to admit either the fault or the reason. On the contrary slovenly writing may be clear enough, provided the thinking is conventional and the usages insignificant. A newspaper paragraph is quoted as a type of slovenly writing, and its clarity is singular. The clearest understanding between two people arises in the exchange of their common conventions. What is written with the sternest care may be the most difficult reading, its difficulty being one of the marks of its truth. The words that we call simple are for the most part old, complicated words, braided and blended words; new and scientific words are simple. "Home" and "night" are complicated, "hydrostatics" and "nitrogen" are simple.

With significant and connotative words, one has not so much knowledge, as a certain friendship grown of recollections and adventures in common. They are known as a person is known—by name and feature, by hearsay, intimation and inference. There are no synonyms equivalent as two nickels are equivalent. Ben Johnson put into rhythmic epigram that a man might sin "securely" but not "safely," seeing very well that the words were no synonyms. One is more alien and without, the other more intimate and within. It was as if the citizens of a walled town were said to be "secure" because of their walls, and "safe" because of their courage.

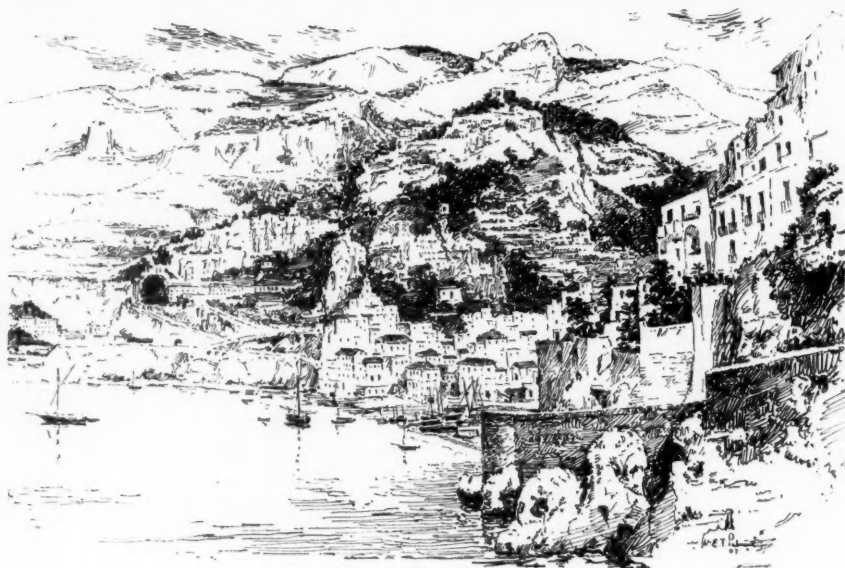
No sentence ever brought to one mind what the mind which constructed it intended it to carry. The writer put down what he could to represent the state of affairs in himself, and it created a state of affairs in the reader,



but that the two states are ever equivalent is more than improbable. The greatest common divisor between you and your neighbor is not large. The remainder is larger than the divisor, which, to your true mathematician, is one of the most annoying things that can happen; and mankind has been infinitely troubled by the size of these remainders, and gone to wars and persecutions about them, and drawn its inspirations and forces for achievement from these remainders. As for ideas, probably there are none that have not at least one side seen only by the stars.

And so in travelling one would fain take significant and connotative steps, and out of them construct a progress that will have such features as never seem vacant in retrospect—such humanities, convolutions, lingering intricacies, change of solitudes and societies, heats and colds, recognitions of heaven and earth and the sea. It is poor travelling that is

only to arrive, as it is poor reading that is only to find how the book ends, or in which there is no worth in the detail, and the main of it flits by, phantom and featureless, like the telegraph poles in railway travelling. Such books and such travelling leave sand and ashes and flatness in the mouth. The play of "As You Like It" ends cheaply enough, but its coming thither is a progress ambled and paced delicately well. In travelling I would not mind forgetting to what place I had intended to go, if by any means I might find satisfaction from hour to hour. The great allegories are all journeys in search of something at the journey's end, or of something to be accumulated by the way, and the latter are the truest allegories. When Child Roland came to his dark tower he thought it was the end of the story, but it was not. On the contrary he conquered the tower as he had conquered the journey, the desolate heath and the discouragement



AMALFI

ment. They were all different things that happened by the way. Wherever one stops, if he has accumulated something, then he has reached a consummation. The reward of endeavor is scattered along the endeavor, rather than lies in the prize and vanity of the goal.

II

The Cornice Road was a good road to travel on significantly. It was white and level. It twisted about promontories and sharp cavernous bays. It was cut and blasted into the cliff, made stalwart with masonry, and ringed with tunnels. The cliffs hung over, and again dropped back for inland glimpses up sudden gorges, of mountain beyond mountain streaked with snow. Beneath it all day crept the flat blue sea, beachless except where the little sandy "Marine," with their white huts and brown nets, lay under the viaducts. Hardly a sound of its washing came to that height. Lonely fishing boats floated far away, asleep on blue silk and

glittering mosaic. Square old towers stood out on the promontories, built to watch for African pirates. The town of Prajano hung precariously, fitted into ledges and terraces, out of which town came a swarm of children with tangled hair, shining eyes and liquid little voices, offering to sell oranges or take any number of soldi of pure tribute to the sunlight and pleasant decadence of Italy. They followed a mile or more and stayed their feet at last with gracious farewells, soft-voiced and smiling. "A dios!" they said, "Nichts! Get away!" thinking them equivalent terms of three languages, wishing it understood in some language that they parted kindly. One inference appeared, that those who spoke English had been slightly more impolite than those who spoke German, of travellers before me on the Cornice Road. There was an orchard of olive trees below the road, overhanging the sea. It became desirable to lie down under an olive tree, and lunch on the bread and red wine of Positano and the oranges of Prajano, and to con-

template the flat gleaming water through gray leaves of the olive tree.

The disciple Philip was sitting under a tree when he was observed by one who presently called him "an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile." I have never seen the passage interpreted as implying surprise, as if it were so extraordinary a thing to find in an Israelite, this guilelessness. I have supposed it a simple intimation of character, and have noticed that the act of sitting under a tree, under the benediction of its leaves and mottled shadows, gives a sense of this quiet innocence, and tends to turn one's mind back to his New England apple trees, if it was his good fortune to grow among them, where his will was the wind's will and his thoughts long thoughts. The apple leaves gave better shade than these slim flickering olive leaves, with them in those days there went a world of breathing intimacies from which he has drifted away since on the tide of years and theories. New islands from time to time have risen from under their drowned horizons, new Indian Oceans, new Pacifics blue and enormous, new Antarcitics with clanking gates. Such have seemed the outlooks of space and the promises of time, so he has forgotten that things of the spirit spread their wings as broadly in a moment and the width of a familiar hearth. It would be well to go back and taste the sap that is nearer the root. After all a traveller is an exile.

If the English language is not used in America to any great effect of literature, it is no better reason than that it is used ungraciously on the Cornice Road, for looking to any other language or land for vitality and a pulsing current to make living and working worth while. If the Italian of the fifteenth century did well it was in the first place by being an Italian, and not in the first place by virtue of Greek marbles and manuscripts; he painted more earnest pictures before he knew too much of either. Ulysses found Phaeacia a goodly land, and observed that the climate was milder than the Ithacan, but he knew

better than to stay. The exile, who has taken his roots from their native soil, will never set them properly elsewhere, or find such satisfaction in doing his work for other than his own time and people, and among them. One must come sooner or later to Emerson's conviction touching alien days and places, "that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till." Italy is no playground for the worn women who climb the cliff paths with baskets of compost. It was none to the men who built the square decisive watch-towers against African pirates. The fisherman who pushes his boat over the gleaming water is not picturesque to himself, but going fishing. "Imitation is suicide," and to take advice is to imitate the man who gives it. You need advice no more than an egg needs advice. An egg that has conceived the notion of becoming a chicken, does not need advice but introspection. Outside interference may make a palatable omelet of him, but it will never help him to live. If our harvest is thin it is because we do not plough deeply enough in the strong soil. There was something fertile in the soil that put forth Whitman, and something sandy in the soil that did not receive him. But to repeat old idealizings, to interpret interpretations already made, of conditions as they once appeared, is easier than to dig in our own gardens. It is easier now to make a good statue of the nude, or one draped in flowing toga, than of men or women in the habit they wear, but I doubt whether the first sculptor who attempted trousers was more appalled by his problem than the first who attempted drapery; who thought that drapery in marble inevitably looked as if the wearer must needs break his shins on it and that the gods were to blame. We need concentration. If we dig long

and deeply we shall raise our own ideals and find them perennials.

To idealize is not to leave something out. It is to put something more in. To idealize by elimination is to produce cheap stupidity, the beauty of a parlor colored print and the ethics of a copy-book. There is no more idealism in artificial commonplace than in realistic commonplace. If there is no personality or illumination there is nothing in either case.

Literature comes of interesting men expressing what is of interest in them. Their style generally expresses it better than their opinions. There are some myriads who are interesting, and some other myriads who are voluble, to one who is both with an electric connection.

On the other hand, to become restless and combative under an olive tree over the Mediterranean is not doing justice to the olive tree or the Mediterranean, nor making a reasonable progress toward Amalfi.

III

A swarm of children demanding soldi followed me through the town of Amalfi and up the "Street of the Mills." They were not so agreeable or successful as the children of Prajano, but there was talent among them. A larger boy who had talent drew a smaller conspicuously in front and smote him with flat solid hand. There were wailings, and a chorus led by the talented but depraved, to the effect that grief might be comforted by a soldo. The soldo was given and

grabbed by the talented but depraved. Exit the talented but depraved, pursued by the small person enraged, and by the chorus of interested commentators. The "Street of the Mills" was silent except for the old women who gossiped unmoved in their doorways.

I went back to bargain with a jubilant vetturino for a carriage to Salerno, climbed to the Cappuccini Convent Hotel, a large white swallow's nest against the cliffs, and slept like a monk with his salvation secured in a plenary indulgence.

The jubilant vetturino cracked his whip, saluting the morning and the sea. It is an eloquent action with the vetturino. It is a greeting, a warning, an emphasis. It expresses his happiness and cheers him if he is dull.

We fled past Atrani and Minori, clumps of white walls and red roofs, yellow macaroni spread on canvas over half the highway; past Majori, its red and gray clock tower and the green-striped dome of its church.

The road ran nearer the sea, but still showed its weakness for tunnels, for eccentric plunges in the cool, dark rock; still twisted snakily, and developed a new point of view to each shifting moment. Each gorge and bridge and village ran the gauntlet of a series of mistaken opinions concerning them. The Cornice Road is a temptation to opportunism, to that idle plasticity of mood in which it appears that either we or the rest of things are fluid, and it matters little which. Even in a vettura one travels there significantly, remembering—as



he looks back on his pilgrimage in time, where differences are more significant than in pilgrimages in space,—how he seemed to have been always passing from one conviction to another, discovering that each in turn was but a point of view. Only the large conservative facts, like the sea, and the seasons of planting and harvest and sleep, recur with their tests and comparisons, their unmoved reassertions that there is somewhere a stability in change to justify his guessing.

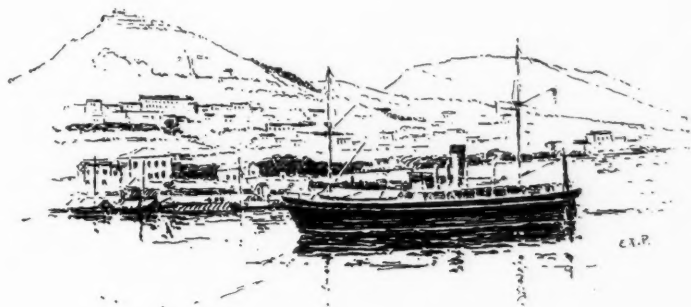
So we came to Salerno. The ancient town lay low down by the curve of the bay, with its gray castle on the hill, and its memories for me of "Der Arme Heinrich," of Hartmann von Aue; the poem was recast by Longfellow, in "The Golden Legend," into placid resemblance to the form of Faust, and touched with other meditative reminiscences of travel and medieval readings, the Dance Macabre paintings in the bridge at Lucerne, mystery plays, Walter the Minnesinger, and the quarrels of seraphic and cherubic doctors at Salerno. It is the story of the sick prince whom only the blood of a spotless maiden, given willingly, could cure. They journeyed to Salerno and its famous medical college, the prince and the maiden in her devotion—in "The Golden Legend" through a murmur of mild moralizings, in "Der Arme

Heinrich" on the whole in a more effective way,—and the prince was cured without the sacrifice, and married the maiden according to the old, sunny fashion.

And the Bay of Salerno was blue, wavering, shining. The learning of the Salernian doctors never cured it of its illogical pleasantness and persuasion that it was feeling very well. The prince looked at it and it occurred to him that he felt very well too. It were better to marry the spotless maiden and call himself cured without argument. We shall never get over the habit of marrying princes to maidens of humble birth. It is a phase of our inveterate cheerfulness.

It is a good plan in Salerno to persuade a brocaded clerk to bargain with competing vetturini.

The vetturino who did not obtain me clutched his hollow breast and craving throat. His heart was climbing, swelling. He wailed. He accused the other of desperate crimes, his ancestors of nameless infamy. The victor was short, bowed-shouldered, with a thin beard and a wen over one eye. He was dignified and scornful, and shrugged the small of his back. The brocaded clerk smiled contentedly from the sidewalk, and the victor drove away with his victory, which consisted in driving me nineteen miles over the edges of mountains to Pompeii.



SALERNO

THE MAKING OF A DOCTOR

A MAN STORY

By CORNELIA A. P. COMER



WILL tell you something I myself like to think about. It concerns a red-headed man who was a doctor born. Life be praised that men still come into this grim old world with the gift of healing and the vim of red-headedness!

Jonas Okerberg, the Swede doctor from World's End, was in Seattle for a day's shopping with his betrothed wife, Hilma Peterson. Though they were buying things for their future home, the shops and the crowds worried the man.

Short and squat was Jonas Okerberg, with a massive head, long arms and a powerful but awkward frame. His bright-red hair bristled upon his head, halo-fashion; his features were roughly modelled; his face was covered with brown freckles, but in his eyes was that curious blue fire you see in those Scandinavians who have retained their primitive inheritance of baresark energy. Carefully dressed as always, he was still plain almost to repulsion, and uncouth; nevertheless he had the stamp of power and the indefinable air of a man who has found his place.

The day had dawned one of those radiant February mornings that make the drizzly gray winter of the Pacific Northwest suddenly seem like an evil dream when one awakens. The air was wine-like and very clear. White-caps sparkled on the blue waters of the bay. Over beyond it in the early sunshine every gleam-

ing white peak and remote folded valley of the Olympics, those marvelous Hills of Dream, stood out with dazzling distinctness. There was a new heaven and a new earth. The sunshine gilded even the dingy crowds that forever jostle up and down the busy streets of the mushroom metropolis of Puget Sound.

Okerberg and Hilma, arriving on an early train, joined this throng, and trailed up and down the street, and in and out of shops, until Okerberg's body was weary and his soul sick. Hilma was less fatigued.

This Swedish girl was also a striking figure in her way, tall, broad-shouldered, with heavy braids of fair hair and a noticeably noble carriage of the head. She was something of an autocrat, for her father was a prosperous ranchman and since her mother's death Hilma had been the head of the household, a position of authority that had developed her natural independence beyond the wont of women in Swedish homes. Her English was still broken, but she was so business-like and competent, even in the strange crowded shops, that the red carpets, green chairs, brass bed and all the more important matters were off their hands soon after their early lunch.

As their train did not leave until late afternoon, Hilma proposed that they take a car to one of the suburbs on Lake Washington to have a cup of coffee with a married friend of her own. Both were unusually silent on the way. Contact with crowds always depressed Okerberg, while Hilma was revolving deeply in her

mind a speech she was resolved to make that afternoon. She had a condition to lay down before her marriage-preparations went farther.

Though both were very positive characters, they had respected each other's independence thus far, and there had been no disagreements during their short engagement. Hilma expected no disagreement now. As she saw it, she was well within her rights in what she was about to demand.

Her friend was not at home, so they turned and walked slowly along the edge of the bluff overhanging the lake, finding seats at last upon a boulder at a corner. Below them were green lawns, gardens where crocuses and even wall-flowers were already in timid bloom, and scattered houses to the water's edge. Here and there, great firs, rooted far below, thrust their soaring tops high above the bluff, their strong lines framing the wonderful picture of the gleaming lake with the snow-crowned Cascades lying beyond its farther shore and the great white cone of Rainier rising abruptly in the south.

"It looks like a pretty good world to me," said Okerberg contentedly. "How does it strike you, Hilma Peterson?"

"It iss pritty—yas."

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile,"

—that's Seattle all right," said the doctor.

Hilma did not answer. She was casting about for a way to introduce the subject that was on her mind. Not finding an opening, it was characteristic of her that she should calmly plunge into the matter.

"Jonas," she said gravely, "here is someping I want to tell you about. Down home t'ey are making talk aboutt you and Miss Marshall. Not bad talk I don't mean. Just foolish chatter. I know what you have done for t'at girl. You have made her over. But there was often no nurse and so, many times you give her the medicine and help her mother

to nurse her. Also you go twice and t'ree times a day, even now she can walk acrost a room. It iss not I who say it iss because you like her t'at you do all this. It iss my friends make the silly talk. But I won't have t'at. It iss perhaps not right you go there so much. After we marry, you dondt doctor t'at girl any more. It iss not that I mind, except this—folks shall not talk nor chatter at all aboutt anybuddy I marry. An' you—you dondt want them to talk, neider."

Okerberg, brought down to earth thus heavily, turned upon her a bewildered face that quickly grew contemptuous. He began to bristle.

"They chatter about me and one of my patients, do they? By the Lord, then, they'll have to talk! My patients are my patients. World's End is full of idiots. You are n't cut out of that piece of goods, I hope, Hilma Peterson?"

The unexpected opposition irritated the girl. Her strong chin protruded and she shrugged her shoulders.

"It iss nothing for you to give up doctoring her. I dondt see why you want to make talk. T'at iss never good. I know it iss all silliness—but I tell you what t'ey talk, and you get mad."

Okerberg pulled himself together and thought hard for a moment. If his stubborn will and that of Hilma Peterson clashed definitely here and now about this matter, trifling as it seemed, everything would shortly be over between them, and yet neither wished such a result as that. To yield to her in a matter so purely professional was impossible. To prevent this clash, then, he must make her see with his eyes. In some fashion he, the wordless, the man of deeds, must find a way of setting himself, his life and aims, forth before her so that they would beat down this stupid opposition.

The problem of how to make a woman understand has downed many a hardier man than Jonas Okerberg. He got upon his feet and began to

walk up and down before her in absorption. What should he say, and how? There was to him a kind of torture in the thought of self-explanation, such as only silent men know the secret of. The seconds passed slowly to them both, and when at last he began, the sweat was standing out upon his forehead:

"Hilma, listen. I have never told you much about myself, have I? Now I am going to tell you all I know. I never had any people. Nor any home. I did n't know what decency and comfort were. My father and mother came to this country to seek their fortune. They were young and not used to hardships and they both died that first winter in Minnesota. I was brought up in the Swedish orphan asylum down at Vasa. Then by and by I went to live with a farmer who used to beat me because I did n't do a man's work in the harvest. The sight of a wheat-field turns me sick even now. I ran away to Minneapolis when I was twelve, and I've worked for my own hand ever since. I was a sullen little devil and nobody wanted to help me. Perhaps they did n't know how much I needed it. I sold papers, cleaned sidewalks, did chores, ran errands. I lived where and how I could. The part that is strange to me is this: through it all, ragged little tough that I was, there was something warm and wonderful deep down in my heart. It was the feeling of what I was meant to do, of what I must do finally. Boys often feel like that. I guess it's the chief thing that keeps them straight and working upward. I knew I had it in me to help people, to heal them, to down disease. *I knew I could.*

"I kept at school. I put myself through the High School; I had a year at the University, and then I started in on the medical course. . . . Hilma, there was so much to learn, and I was so crazy to learn it that sometimes I could not spare the time to earn my food. And then, at night, when I had worked all day on a cup of coffee

and perhaps a mouthful of bread, I would go out and walk up and down the alleys . . . in the bright moonlight . . . sneaking close up beside the barns as if I were a thief. For I came to know what nights the garbage cans would be set out for the man who emptied them early in the morning. There would always be broken pieces of bread . . . now and then frozen fruit—sometimes bits of meat . . . O kind Heaven!"

The man's face was a dark angry red and his jaws closed suddenly like a trap. He had never in all his life told anyone of those bitter hours before. Nothing but the conviction that he must make very clear the passion and purpose of his life could have wrung it from him now.

Hilma sat quietly, her face impassive, listening and looking off at the snow-peaks. It was impossible to say if she were stirred or not. Okerberg was panting, but he wiped his forehead and pushed steadily on.

"Do you understand? I was willing to do even this that I might get to be a doctor quicker. When you feel that way, as if a thing were laid on you to do, you don't dare waste a minute. You work—and work—and what must be done, you do.

"I got my degree at last, and I began to practise as I could. There was a man I knew in a railroad office who was sick soon after I left the hospital. He thought I helped him more than anybody else. He could n't afford to pay much of a bill, but he said he could get me a pass out here if I wanted to come and look about me. So I took the pass and started. When I got here, I wanted to stay. This is a man's country. It was hard sledding, but I saw my way.

"Maybe you know how I got started down at World's End, Hilma. I made friends with the lumbermen and I cut prices on the other doctors and built up a small practice that way. That's not the thing to do, you know. It is n't what they call professional etiquette. And, mostly,

men who do it are no good," admitted Okerberg with fierce honesty. "That is a true thing. But I was n't mistaken about myself. I know I am uncouth and hampered by growing up in the gutter—but I can help the sick. When I got a little ahead, I bought an interest in the drug-store. After that I soon got firm ground under my feet. The other doctors were more or less down on me, naturally—I don't blame them—but my patients believed in me.

"When I got where I could, I built and fitted up the hospital. Of course you don't know the difference, but I made it perfect. In equipment it is far ahead of the hospitals up here in the city. Any man might be proud of it."

"I know it iss good hospedal," admitted Hilma grudgingly. "Thora Lindahl, she was seek there, and she said she never was so well took care of—never."

"Yes, for I can get the best nurses now. The really good ones always want to work where the equipment is good and the patients stand the best chance. And the doctors are friendly now too. They came to see that it was n't the money I was after, but my start in my own path. Every man that is born into the world has a right to that—and I don't know that it matters much how he gets it, within the limits of decency. It's up to him to make good in that one thing—and if he can't do it somehow, he's a weakling.

"And now—I have my start. Everybody comes to me now. When cases need study, I can put them in the hospital and command the environment and the conditions. . . . And if they can't afford it, I can.

"About the Marshall girl, I sought them out, Hilma, and made myself responsible. They did not come to me. I had seen her and I thought I might help her. So I went up to her mother at a church social and began to talk to her about her daughter's case. That was unprofessional too, though nobody criticizes me now. But when

you seek cases out like that, you can't throw them over afterwards."

He broke off and looked down at her wistfully. Was he making it clear? Was he getting it before her? Did she see how this dumb passion to help and heal might come to be the most insistent thing in a man's life, and that in which he best fulfilled himself?

He feared that he was not convincing her. Well, he must try harder. It was very difficult to put into words these thoughts whose authority for him was so great that he trembled where he stood. If he could only make her *feel* that vibration of tenderness for the helpless, make her share that hurry in the blood, that sudden inrush of strength and will to aid, that came upon him with the sight of physical overthrow and weakness,—ah, then she would understand indeed! But how impart to another with mere words the incommunicable secret? Life offers each man an intimation meant for himself alone. Is it possible to put the key of one's soul in another's hands?

Apprehension gripped his heart, but he began again, slowly, carefully.

"I want to tell you the way she got sick. When they lived East she was away from her mother, in the city, studying. She was taken with appendicitis very suddenly. The woman she boarded with called her own doctor, and they took the girl to the hospital and operated before her mother could get there. The surgeon's instruments were unclean and that poisoned her blood so that she was sick for months, and no one thought she could get well. When she began to be better, her muscles were shrunken and useless, almost as if she had been paralyzed. Nothing that was done for her helped her, though they tried many things for many months. So finally they came out here, because it was a complete change of climate, and they had relatives here. But it did her no good. They had been out to

the Coast before, on a visit, four or five years ago, when she was eighteen or thereabouts, and I saw her once then. You would n't believe now what she was at that time—all vital, animated, full of life and spirit. You know how it is with young girls."

Hilma's eyes narrowed a trifle at this, but they still rested on Rainier placidly, and her expression did not change.

"I looked at her, all white and broken, unable to walk or even to stand, and I said to myself that it was devilish that so much strength and grace should be as if it never were and that it would be work worthy of any man to get them back again. But I did not feel sure it was possible. You see it is like this, Hilma, muscles become flabby and helpless in two ways—through disuse and poisons in the blood, as it had been with her, or through some trouble in the brain or spinal cord—what they call a central lesion. When it is that last way, there is no hope of making people whole again, but if it is just the nerves and muscles that ail, then, if it has not gone on too long, they may get well again. My old teacher—one of the professors in the medical school—was going to be in Seattle for a week, and I heard of it, and had Mrs. Marshall take her daughter up to see him. I knew he would tell me the exact truth so far as man could know it, and I trust his medical sense.

"Now, this is what he said to me, Hilma: 'Okerberg,' he said, 'there is no central lesion. It may be that a cure is possible. But only once have I seen it done when the muscles were so far gone as hers. Only once. The attempt is a matter of time and almost endless patience. Much depends upon the girl's recuperative power, and very, very much upon the absolute thoroughness and persistence of the treatment. There is a chance. Electricity, massage, nerve-stimulus, muscle food—those are easy to prescribe, but for her the treatment must be more than thorough, it must be superhumanly intelligent. Those muscles must be fed, those nerves

stimulated with as much caution as you would use in feeding a baby that cannot assimilate. You must feel your way. It must be done with brain and heart, and watched almost by the hour—and you know as well as I how often nursing and doctoring are done that way. If you are willing to do it in that way, Okerberg, if you dare undertake to be her earthly Providence and to watch over her as they say God watches over creation, unresting and unsleeping,—why, there is certainly a chance. But even if you do man's uttermost, even then—who knows?'

"That is what he said to me, Hilma, and my blood stirred as though he had challenged me to a fight. I felt myself grow hot and grow cold, and I said: 'I know. If to be patient and to be watchful and to persist is all—that I can guarantee to the end of time.' So, then, we brought her back, her mother and I, and the fight began. I taught her mother how to do everything. Sometimes I helped her when there was no one else, and always I went three times a day—yes. Is that much when one has promised oneself to watch a sick person as the Lord watches Israel? And the months have gone by, and now, now, she walks! I ask you—is that a thing to stand between you and me?"

He halted in front of her now, arms fallen loosely at his sides, looking into her face. He had made his plea; he had shown her his work, and he was near exhaustion. He had done his possible to make her see it all,—but would she?

Hilma Peterson looked up into his face. The weariness and the dejection in it would have touched any woman.

"It wass goot work you did," she said quite gently. "I could be a proud woman t'at it iss in you to work like t'at—yes. But, after all, it changes nothing. It iss like I said. It makes talk. And talk I will not have, not about me or my man."

All her Scandinavian tenacity was

in her face. This was her ultimatum, but Okerberg did not understand, and stood staring down at her stupidly.

"Talk iss never good," she explained patiently.

"I told you they were fools. I have shown you how it really is." He spoke sternly, almost angrily. Such persistence in the lesser view seemed incredible to him.

She grew impatient under his fixed look and moved restlessly.

"Talk iss never good," she repeated. "I tell you what t'ey talk and you get mad. So maybe there iss something in it after all. Maybe you could like her best. I dondt know. Mens is mens," said Hilma perversely.

Reaction fell upon Okerberg. His soul seemed to have been poured out vainly before something as insensible as a graven image, and his tired nerves revolted hotly and suddenly.

"Yah!" he jeered savagely now, the blue flame flaring in his eyes. "You mean you think they are n't men. Well, I tell you right here, you're wrong. A man is a man when he gets out of himself, when there's an idea that owns him body and soul. There is n't any other way to be alive and be a man but that. And the idea that owns a doctor—or ought to own him—is that he is in the world to help the sick. Have n't you the brains to see that, Hilma Peterson? If a doctor does n't see it, he is n't worth the gunpowder to blow him up with!"

He was walking back and forth before her again, clenching and unclenching his great freckled hands after his fashion when under strong excitement.

"Not for money, Hilma Peterson, not for opportunity, not even for fame. And never, Heaven knows, for sentiment or stuff like that. For nothing—nothing—in God's world but the advantage of the sick!"

She did not know that the phrase he used was as old as his profession and part of its immemorial oath, but she recoiled a very little from his eyes. He was looking at her fiercely from under his heavy brows, as if

by looking he could brand his words and their meaning upon her very soul.

"As for that girl down there," he went on, "I'm putting her on her feet. She is gaining every week. She is going to walk and laugh and sing again. And the world is going to have more light and brightness and courage in it because she lives. And I shall have done it—I, with these hands, this head. She was as good as dead and I have raised her up. I tell you, it's worth all I came up through—the mire, the kicks, the starvation, the struggle—it's worth it all to have lived to do once a thing like that! And you"—his gaze seemed to burn as it rested on her face—"you would take it away from me, would you?"

Hilma looked back at him calmly. She too had a point of view and trusted in it absolutely. His words flew far over her head, and she shrugged her shoulders disdainfully.

"Talk! T'at's what t'at iss," said Hilma Peterson as superbly as himself. "Talk! If you and me marry, you dondt doctor t'at girl any more. Do you see?"

"Very good," said Okerberg. "Then we don't marry."

Hilma Peterson lifted her fine head proudly. The force of an idea was behind her also. It might be, as she suspected it was, a conventional notion, such an idea as the vulgar have, but it sustained her as effectually as one more sublimated.

"Very good. Then we dondt marry," she repeated gravely. "I hear a car come. I take t'at car."

Okerberg, a little stunned with the suddenness of this, moved forward with her toward the corner where the town-bound car would stop. Hilma was silent. She might tell her friends afterward that she "gave it to him goot and plenty," but she was not a virago, nor without her own sense of personal dignity in these matters.

As they stood waiting for the car, she looked curiously for an instant from his ugly, powerful frame to her

own powerful and beautiful one. She knew that she was stately, deep-breasted, strong-armed,—a comely woman graciously and finely made for all the ends of life. As she saw it, he was losing for a mere bit of obstinacy a wife whose strength and fairness were more than his due. That the weight of worldly advantage was on his side hardly made the balance between them even when Nature had been so kind to her. Yet she was deeply satisfied with him, as he with her. A sudden compunction stirred her, a wish to do nothing in anger.

"You're sure it iss all right, Jonas? You wantt it this way? You wondt give up doctoring her?"

He shook his head doggedly. "It might happen again," he said drearily. "A man's work must be in his own hands."

"Very good," said the woman. "I go see aboudt returning some of those goods we dondt want. I rether go alone, Jonas. I see you at the train."

He helped her on the car and proffered a nickel to the conductor in payment of her fare.

"Good-by, Jonas."

"Good-by, Hilma."

The car sizzled away around the curve. Okerberg watched it hungrily until it was out of sight. It seemed, as it lurched and fled, to be dragging at his aching nerves.

He turned and came back alone to the high point where they had been sitting.

What was this that had befallen him, and why did it affect him so strangely? He felt physically bruised and sore, stunned, shaken. His hands trembled. Suddenly a deep, dry sob tore him, and he struggled hoarsely for his breath. Already he missed her frightfully. He had not suspected how much all this meant to him until now. Looking down the years he saw them blank of all that he had counted on so confidently.

"*Hilma Peterson! Hilma Peterson! You have robbed me of my little sons!*"

The tumult in his soul was great

and very bitter. It defied his will. He sat there motionless a long time, staring out unseeing across the marvellous prospect lying beneath.

He felt old and tired. It had taken him years of toil to shape his life as he had done. A younger man or one less purposeful might have taken this blow more lightly. On Okerberg it fell with a cruel force. He was not romantic, perhaps, but he was tender and hearth-worshipping to the core. He had chosen a woman of his own race and one not too unlike himself. They satisfied each other with the profound approval that is a hardier thing, a stronger tie than any that mere romance can weave. He had counted upon her presence in his life. He tasted of the hope of home and peace. It did not seem to him that he could ever brew that magic drink again.

Slowly the inner storm subsided. Through his daze he became aware that the outer world was rapping imperatively at his consciousness as a messenger raps in haste. He rubbed his eyes confusedly.

The shadows were growing longer and the prospect before him had become more than beautiful. As he looked, it seemed to assume that aspect of significance inanimate things often take on in hours of reaction. What did it mean? What was it trying to say to him? He stared at the great white mountain in the south with blood-shot eyes. August in white magnificence, as though acknowledging an equal or a friend, Rainier looked back at him.

Okerberg drew a deep, sighing breath. He could not have put it into words—his store of words was exhausted and he felt as if he would be glad never to open his lips to explain a thing again—but he began to understand. This big, unfinished Western landscape with its gigantic vegetation, its vast sweeping outlines, its lack of intimate, delicate detail and its terrible beauty, had always seemed to him more like some imagined scene from a past geologic era than like a part of our

old, familiar, finished earth. It was but the overwhelming preliminary sketch for a completed landscape, and it was revealing to him now, as clearly as though in words, how much work there was left in the world—work for God and man, but especially for Jonas Okerberg.

Had he been unhorsed for an hour? shaken? overthrown? What of it? Had he lost his betrothed and with her all those brooding dreams more beautiful than she? So be it. He could live without Hilma Peterson. He could even live without that winsome flock to be born with perfect bodies such as hers and strong spirits like his own—the children of his long desire. It was possible to live without everything but work.

The blue fire flamed within his eyes. One could always stop whining and go to work. While he and the world endured, that could not be taken away from him. For, always, those who stand will need to be strengthened, and those who have fallen to be raised up.

God made the world—but left much work for man to finish. How slow man was! How obstinate! How dull of vision, feeble and incompetent! And yet how much there was that he could do!

Up to this moment Okerberg had worked blindly as his temperament commanded. Now for a brief space the cloud that hangs over all our spirits was lifted and he *saw*. Into his heart there rushed a strange sense of alliance with vast purposes, of co-partnership with the divine. The world was to be finished, to be helped, upheld, and he had his share to do here in this rugged, tremendous West. For by healing men's bodies he could help to set their spirits free. And this, just simply this, was the Great Achievement that the ages toiled toward!

The vision thrilled him to the soul; it salved his hurt; it made him strong.

Slowly he rose to his feet. The landscape still held that wonder-look of significance, of instruction meant for him alone. He lifted his hat from his head and faced the mighty outline of Rainier with level eyes. Deep in his soul he made a wordless pledge.

He heard a car start far down the hill and turning toward the street, he pulled out his watch with a quick, reassuring thought of the people who needed him that night, who hung upon him helplessly, demanding strength, succor, life itself at his strong, ugly hands.

MODERNISM IN ART

By CHRISTIAN BRINTON

AUTHOR OF "MODERN ARTISTS"

THROUGHOUT the ages it has been the mission of sculptor or painter to interpret life in terms of art. To-day it should be the task of the critic to reverse that process—to translate art back into terms of life, not to carry it further into the nebulae of vague and formless speculation. Antiquarians, metaphysicians, preachers, and professors of composition and perspective have

long held the field undisturbed. They should make place for the normal man of healthy, human instincts, who loves light and color, and to whom even a sense of beauty is not, after all, so remote and unattainable a possibility.

Under the aegis of a modernism which looks with gratitude upon all that is vital and social, and with gracious commiseration upon that which is pedantic and archaic, it

should be a pleasure to examine a handful of the latest books upon art, beginning, quite logically, with Julius Meier-Graefe's "Development of Modern Art."*

Herr Meier-Graefe is, first and last, a passionate modernist. Blazoned upon his title-page are the inspiring words "A Contribution to a New System of *Æsthetics*," and if, on digesting these two imposing and copiously illustrated volumes, there may not be found either a fresh or a clearly formulated theory of criticism, his point of view, his opinions, and his predilections are none the less novel and enlightening. In brief his thesis is that Rubens, the child of that wondrous marriage between North and South, was the veritable founder of modern art, and that from him flowed over the frontiers into France and across the Channel to England the fructifying influences which have given shape and color to all subsequent artistic progress. This particular idea is neither original nor is it elaborated with notable sequence or continuity. It is not, in fact, as a constructive theorist that Herr Meier-Graefe is at his best, but as a sprightly and penetrating essayist who covers the various phases of modern activity as no one else, save the erudite and cosmopolitan Muther. The author possesses exceptional qualifications for the task in hand. An Austrian Jew, long a resident of Paris, where he was a business associate of Bing, the promoter of *L'Art Nouveau*, a man who in his capacity of expert and connoisseur has visited every leading public and private collection in Europe, Herr Meier-Graefe's opportunities for familiarizing himself with his subject have been wellnigh unique. Starting with no pronounced national bias, he has followed his own convictions both personal, and perhaps also commercial, and it is hence interesting to observe just where they have led him. Unmistakably he is a bitter opponent of all German art save that of Liebermann and his

circle, and a sympathetic and persuasive apologist of the later French Impressionists. It would manifestly be ungallant closely to analyze the reasons for this position. The book is withal so scintillating, so deliciously iconoclastic, and of such refreshingly advanced tendencies, that one may well ignore its lack of single-mindedness. With but few lacunæ the entire field is reviewed in a flexible and discerning fashion and the chief personalities silhouetted in spirited and clever outline. The pages devoted to industrial art and the stylistic movement on the Continent are particularly authoritative, and everywhere is visible an observant, acquisitive mind and a faculty for turning brilliant periods. The work originally appeared in 1904 from the house of Hoffmann in Stuttgart, and has been admirably translated, though it is difficult to explain why the two closing chapters, entitled "Goethe und Diderot" and "Nietzsche und Wagner," should have been omitted from the English version.

Although the subject of their beautiful memorial was the very incarnation of the modern spirit, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell have not, in their "Life of James McNeill Whistler,"* sought to add anything new to the sum of scientific criticism. Exquisitely printed, bound and illustrated, appropriately suggestive in physical appearance of "The Gentle Art," which itself bore the stamp of its author's exacting approval, this definitive "Life" will prove an unmixed joy to Whistler admirers the world over. It is frankly devotional in feeling. It is hero worship of the most zealous and prostrate kind; yet what apostle of the modern movement can quarrel with hero worship when it takes the form of Whistler worship? The text has been so scrupulously compiled that it is a pity certain minor blemishes should have crept in, such as the persistent misspelling of Velázquez, the superfluous accent in Vielé-Griffin, the

* The Development of Modern Art. By Julius Meier-Graefe. Translated from the German by Florence Simmonds. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* The Life of James McNeill Whistler. By E. R. and Joseph Pennell. J. B. Lippincott Co.

comma inserted in the name McClure Hamilton on p. 221 vol. ii., and Van for Jan Toroop on the same unpropitious page. Such slips are, however, microscopic and—inévitable. The book as a whole, and it is the work of many loving hands, completely achieves its purpose. It is the minute and painstaking record of an apparition unique in the annals of art. By it one is brought nearer to, and is enamoured of, that sensitive nervous organism and that exalted æsthetic conscience which constituted the very being and essence of James McNeill Whistler.

While expressing itself differently, there is a distinct spiritual affinity between the attitude of the Pennells toward Whistler and that of Mr. C. Lewis Hind toward Augustus Saint-Gaudens.* If the Pennells are devotional, Mr. Hind's enthusiasm for his subject certainly takes the lyrical form. From an emotional standpoint it is fortunate that Mr. Hind's appreciation was conceived simultaneously with the holding of the memorial exhibition of the sculptor's work at the Metropolitan Museum last spring. From an analytical and critical point of view the matter assumes another aspect, and still one must not be severe with a writer who so frankly admits having given free rein to subjective impressionism. Mr. Hind's method nevertheless possesses distinct compensations. He more than once displays the divination of a true poet, and any one might envy him the expression "austere sensitiveness" with which he so aptly characterizes the artist's work. The final word upon the art of Saint-Gaudens has not, thus far, been said, and perhaps when it has, there may be a perceptible revision of estimates. The creator of the Farragut, the Lincoln and the Sherman was a manifestly sincere and lofty craftsman. Yet in his life-work promise would seem all too frequently to have out-run performance. This was obviously a defect of temperament, and this the

underlying tragedy of an earnest artistic career.

It is not the Spanish art that Whistler so loved and from which he drew so much legitimate pictorial inspiration that Mr. A. G. Temple treats in his sumptuous volume* but the art of a much later period. Few books are more welcome or arrive at a more psychological moment than Mr. Temple's "Modern Spanish Painting." With their masterful characterization and sonorous wealth of color, the Spanish painters of to-day have been carrying all before them at the recent Continental exhibitions. The names of Zuloaga, Sorolla and Anglada are plausibly familiar to the picture-loving public, and any work which seeks to place them in proper relation to the art of their country merits grateful consideration. A careful scrutiny of Mr. Temple's text does not, however, disclose any reckless or prodigal sympathy with the more advanced phases of Peninsular painting. In his conscientious review of the leading artists from Nieto and Lopez to the present time the author openly betrays a weakness for the tradition of Fortuny rather than that of Goya, and everywhere seems to prefer "finish" to suggestion. In common with many Englishmen he is, even at this late day, decidedly shy of impressionism, naïvely assuming that "the Impressionist stops only too frequently, because he has not the capacity to carry his work further," and later adding that "it is only the master who can finish." It would be neither urbane nor magnanimous to quarrel with Mr. Temple over such issues. He has given us a superbly printed and illustrated work, and if his personal vision is not exactly modern, he has certainly contributed to a better comprehension of Spanish painting, both as author and as Director of the Guildhall Art Gallery, London, where, in 1901, he organized a memorable exhibition of the leading Spanish masters of the past and present.

* Augustus Saint-Gaudens. By C. Lewis Hind. Special Extra Number of the International Studio, 1908. John Lane Company.

* Modern Spanish Painting. By A. G. Temple. F. S. A. J. B. Lippincott Co.

That luxurious finish and love of externalism which, in painting, appears to the convinced modernist so inappropriate, is the very soul of Mr. Leonard Williams's enchanting work on "The Arts and Crafts of Older Spain." * It is indeed impossible to appreciate the canvases of such men as Pradilla, Alisal and Checa without some knowledge of that handiwork which Mr. Williams here treats with such unusual knowledge, sympathy, and enthusiasm. Behind painting proper, and especially the historical painting of the Spanish school, and enriching it at every turn, lies a wealth of visible splendor the like of which the world has perhaps never seen before or since. Roman or Visigothic, Saracenic, Morisco or Renaissance, ecclesiastical or secular, Peninsular ornament has always been characterized by a barbaric glow beside which all else seems pallid and impoverished; and it is through this maze of consummate and opulent craftsmanship, this realm of Silver, Gold, and Jewelry, of Iron, Bronze, Wood, Leather, Pottery, Glassware, Ivory and Textiles, that Mr. Williams conducts us with sure and zealous hand. Not once does he lose sight of those deeper historical and ethnographical factors which shape all achievement whether of thought or of form. Not once does he separate art from life, and hence the value and vitality of his contribution to a theme which has so persistently been dehumanized. It is by their works that he teaches us to know these races which have so strangely met and mingled, so passionately fought and wrought, in the making of Old and New Spain. And, knowing them, we know their works.

The great currents of æsthetic endeavor the world over are ever in motion, sometimes turbulently, sometimes with a movement scarcely perceptible, and it is significant to note that while Spain was gathering the materials for her magnificent effulgence from the prodigal resources of

her own country or the far-away treasures of Potosi there were working with naive simplicity and patience in the Gothic twilight of Germany a group of men whose few scattered prints and engravings are among the priceless heritage of all art. It is such quaint spirits as The Master of the Playing Cards, The Master of the Gardens of Love, and such resourceful geniuses as Martin Schongauer, Albrecht Dürer and their like that form the basis of Mr. A. M. Hind's "A Short History of Engraving and Etching" * which is frankly a model work of its kind. To the exact perceptions and trained sympathies of the true lover of line Mr. Hind has added, in the preparation of his volume, the minute and precious learning of the specialist. Although he is a trifle summary in his treatment of the men of to-day there can be little save praise for Mr. Hind's efforts toward systematizing a complicated subject. The Classified List, the Bibliography, and Index of Engravers are invaluable to any student of black-and-white, and the analyses of the individual artists are marked by ready intuition and a fine sense of proportion. A useful and welcome pendant to Mr. Hind's book will be found in Mr. Frank Weitenkampf's "How to Appreciate Prints," † in which the Curator of the Print Department of the New York Public Library covers the field in a concise and informing manner. Mr. Weitenkampf is doing much the same sort of work for his collection as Mr. Hind, Mr. Laurence Binyon and Mr. Campbell Dodgson are doing for that of the British Museum, and it is an excellent service, for there is perhaps nothing that so chastens and purifies taste as a just knowledge and appreciation of the quiet magic of line.

Similar in purpose though more restricted in scope than Mr. Hind's volume is Mr. H. M. Cundall's "A History of British Water-Color Painting," ‡

* A Short History of Engraving and Etching. With Full Bibliography, Classified List and Index. By A. M. Hind. Houghton, Mifflin Co.

† How to Appreciate Prints. By Frank Weitenkampf. Moffat, Yard & Co.

‡ A History of British Water-Color Painting. By H. M. Cundall, I. S. O., F. S. A. E. P. Dutton & Co.

* The Arts and Crafts of Older Spain. By Leonard Williams. A. C. McClurg & Co.

a copiously illustrated and well printed work covering water-color painting in the British Isles from the primitive and tempera-like illuminations in the Book of Kells and the Book of Durrow to the brilliant art of the late Hercules Brabazon. The chapters devoted to Miniature Painting, the Topographical Draughtsmen, the Associated Artists, and the Institute are carefully prepared and contribute much toward the better comprehension of a branch of art which has found innumerable practitioners and yet, until now, few if any worthy chroniclers. There are, however, certain shortcomings which must be noted despite a constitutional aversion from destructive criticism. That master of southern sunlight, the late Arthur Melville, does not receive adequate consideration; nor, indeed, does the inimitable Whistler. As a matter of fact Mr. Cundall's attitude toward everything modern is typically British and reactionary. He speaks contemptuously of "a new school of painting styled impressionist," and, for sensitive spirits, mars an otherwise able and serviceable book by quoting, at its close, a characteristically Philistine arraignment of free technique from the heavy pen of Sir William B. Richmond.

The blunt naïveté of Mr. Cundall's position toward the new in art becomes, in Mr. J. E. Pythian's "Fifty Years of Modern Painting"* something altogether delicious in its confiding ingenuousness. The author acknowledges at the outset that he is not going to take sides on any mooted question or to quarrel with anyone, though he admits that "quarrels do at least relieve life and books of tameness." Later, he avers that he does not purpose singing "Rule Britannia!" throughout his pages, because, as he sententiously remarks, "We gain nothing, and lose much, by indiscriminate glorification of ourselves and deprecation of others." Thus reassured, one launches upon an examination of Mr. Pythian's

performance, which everywhere reveals superb caution and a praiseworthy reliance upon the efforts of his predecessors, who number, at random, such names as George Moore, Robert de la Sizeranne, Théodore Duret, Wynford Dewhurst, Richard Muther and our own master critics, Samuel Isham and Charles H. Caffin. Mr. Pythian's first-hand knowledge of modern art is largely confined to the British Pre-Raphaelite movement, in the treatment of which he displays loving care and circumspection. When he crosses the Channel his touch is hardly so sure, especially when he calls Greuze a "French Dutchman" and Chardin a "French Jan Steen," and remarks of Degas's impressions of ballet girls, that, however beautiful they may be as art, "they wring from us the cry, 'O the pity of it!'" It is difficult to imagine just what may reasonably be deplored in the work of Degas. One feels like generously transferring some of this superfluous fund of pity to Mr. Pythian. But that would seem meddlesome, and, moreover, the worthy man himself counsels us to be pacific.

It is not the prejudices of thinly disguised moralists like Mr. Pythian which contribute to a deeper and more intimate understanding of the origin and function of the fine arts, but rather the attitude of such ardent students of human progress as the late Grant Allen. In a series of papers reprinted under the title of "Evolution in Italian Art,"* this able exponent of Darwinism makes an attempt, and a successful one, to apply to painting the well-established law of descent with modification. The special province of Mr. Allen's researches is that of early Italian art, and it cannot be denied that he has achieved interesting and significant results. His treatment is wholly thematic. He chooses such organic types as the Sposalizio, the Visitation, the Annunciation, the Adoration, the Presentation, and the Pietà and views

* *Fifty Years of Modern Painting*: Corot to Sargent. By J. E. Pythian. E. P. Dutton & Co.

* *Evolution in Italian Art*. By Grant Allen. A. Wessels Co.

each composition as a particular variant upon some special central form. He aims primarily to show persistence of type, and secondarily differentiation of variety, and, above all, to reveal every picture in the light of a single moment in a long chain of historical development. The method is obviously that of the scientist pure and simple, not that of the conventional æsthetic critic, and Mr. Allen's courageous application of the principals of evolution to art is most stimulating. It is certainly refreshing now and then to encounter clear and systematic reasoning and a logically sustained premise in a field so thickly dotted with the flowers of misapplied sentiment and misfit knowledge.

Through the gates of Venice, whence flowed that exotic stream of Byzantine and Oriental motive so frequently met with in the initial portions of Mr. Allen's text, let us now turn, under Mr. Laurence Binyon's guidance, toward the mythical cradle of all æsthetic life. There is no book in the language quite like Mr. Binyon's "Painting in the Far East."* So simple and direct are his pictorial and poetical perceptions that you get at once at the secret sources of an immeasurably remote and tortuous fountain-head. The artistic unity of Asia is Mr. Binyon's theme, and in a series of illuminating chapters he proceeds to demonstrate that it is in China that the central tradition of Asian painting is to be found. His thesis unfolds itself spontaneously like some lovely blossom, and his accompanying exposition of Oriental color, line and rhythm offer a helpful initiation to a style which few Occidentals rightly appreciate though many lay claim to that distinction.

* Painting in the Far East. By Laurence Binyon. Longmans, Green & Co.

Not only is Mr. Binyon's book specifically valuable; it is also collaterally so, for it is impossible to grasp certain of the more important phases of current art without some feeling for Oriental painting, prints and ornament. The early schools of Italy and Spain drew heavily, as we have seen upon this wondrous treasure-house, and the latest exponents of line and pattern from Whistler to Aubrey Beardsley were greatly in its debt. At many different periods has the Asian æsthetic ideal found its devotees in the Western world; yet real knowledge of the subject is limited, and hence such a work as Mr. Binyon's should find place on the shelves of almost every apostle of beauty.

Something of a mystic and a visionary himself, the author is singularly fitted to interpret the spirit of the East as revealed in its painting. And, despite innumerable complications chronological and artistic, he has managed to unravel the tangled thread of development with patience and clarity, preserving always, amid a baffling though pregnant symbolism, the note of concrete application. The book abounds in such passages as the one in which, after comparing the realists of the school of Ukiyoyé with the Dutch genre painters of the seventeenth century, Mr. Binyon warns the reader that he "cannot detach one of these prints from the life that produced it," for, he adds, "some tender filament or clinging root binds it to the nation's living heart."

This is the very soul of all sound æsthetic interpretation. And, furthermore, such sentiments contain the essence of that new criticism which is only beginning to shake off the fetters of the past and fortify itself with the priceless equation of human personality.



Idle Notes

By An Idle Reader



MISS HELEN KELLER has become so much a national institution—like Niagara Falls, the Bunker Hill Monument and the memory of George Washington—that one hesitates to proclaim any discovery concerning her, for fear it has been made already by someone else. If the discovery I have made has been anticipated, I have not happened to see it announced. It is so obvious, however, to the reader of "The World I Live In," to say nothing of her earlier book, "The Story of My Life," that I shall not claim priority of discovery for myself, but gladly admit the pretensions of any rival claimant. What I have found out is merely that Helen Keller is that rarity of rarities, a genius. All honor to Mrs. Macy, who, as Miss Sullivan, brought the light of reason to the young girl's benighted mind. Enough cannot be said in praise of her patient skill, her intelligent and unselfish devotion. But while it was her happy lot to sow the seed, and the seed was of the best, she did not create, though she prepared, the soil in which it fell; and it depended on the nature of that soil whether the seed should take deep root and grow and flourish and yield an abundant harvest, or lie parched on stony ground, or pine and wither after a hasty sprouting in the dust. As it happened, the soil was surpassingly good, and the harvest has been rare and bountiful.

I find I have marked fifteen passages to be quoted in support of my contention that Miss Keller is a woman of genius; but I am not reproducing them, partly for want of room, but mainly because the matter is not one to contend about. The book is a small one, its fifteen essays averaging only ten to twelve

pages in length. Buy it, dear reader, and read every page of it, including the "Chant of Darkness" with which it comes to a glorious end. And when anyone suggests that the author is helped in her literary work—that someone else must do her writing for her,—ask him who her helper can be. Of all the writers in this country, are there ten—are there half a dozen—are there three, who, with Helen Keller's experience and facts in their possession, could transmute those facts and that experience into literature of the quality of (say) her essay on "The Larger Sanctions"? In the writings of how many living Americans do we find such scholarly exactness in the choice of words, humor so genuine, eloquence so inspired? Her pages dealing with the world out-of-doors are as colorful and as fanciful as those of a poet-naturalist: John Burroughs might be glad to confess their authorship. Whether her theme be abstract or concrete, she is equally its mistress. We happy possessors of the senses of sight and hearing see less than her mind's eye reveals to Miss Keller's unclouded intelligence, and hear less than is conveyed to her through the porches of some inner ear. That she would write better if she had never been deprived of what we regard as the two most important of our senses, I hesitate to believe; but this is only to repeat the statement with which I started out—namely, that she is a genius. Read the peroration of the essay referred to above:

Thus, deafness and blindness do not exist in the immaterial mind, which is philosophically the real world, but are banished with the perishable material senses. Reality, of which visible things are the symbol, shines before my mind. While I walk about my chamber with unsteady steps, my spirit sweeps skyward on eagle wings and looks out with un-

quenchable vision upon the world of eternal beauty.

And then read the last stanza but two of the "Chant of Darkness":

My hands evoke sight and sound out of feeling,

Intershifting the senses endlessly;

Linking motion with sight, odor with sound

They give color to the honeyed breeze,

The measure and passion of a symphony

To the beat and quiver of unseen wings.

In the secrets of earth and sun and air

My fingers are wise;

They snatch light out of darkness,

They thrill to harmonies breathed in silence.

You wonder, at first, that so many great historic houses exist, as are described and pictured in this book. Then "Historic Houses and Their Gardens" you wonder even more that there are so many others that have been overlooked—or, rather, deliberately omitted, as only a few representative, typical places could be included, the editor's plan being to introduce, not merely the somewhat hackneyed halls of England, but houses illustrating the architecture and landscape-gardening of many different countries. In this way an agreeable variety has been secured, and the eye is rested as it turns, for instance, from the Achilleion of the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria on the Island of Corfu, or the gardens of the Emperor's Castle Miramar at Trieste, to Claydon House, the home of the Verneys, in Buckinghamshire; from the formal Palladian masses of Blenheim Palace, to the royal gardens of Aranjuez and of La Granja in Spain; from the severity of Stowe House, England, to the lightness and grace of the iris garden at Horikiri, near Tokio; from the romance-haunted Italian villas of Lante and D'Este, to the Oriental beauty of the Taj-Mahal and other palaces and gardens in India, and the slender, aspiring lines of certain famous Persian gardens; from the ivy-crowned, storied

battlements of Warwick, to the Colonial dignity, simplicity and grace of Mount Vernon and the old homes of Natchez, Mississippi; or from these to the Château de Brissac, or the floating gardens of Mexico. Professor Charles Francis Osborne edits the book; and to the thirty chapters by writers who have written *con amore*, Frank Miles Day prefixes a brief but adequate introduction. The half-tone plates are many; and they are good.

Lovers of Old England will find much to their taste in the book so entitled that W. S. Sparrow has written and James Orrock has illustrated. Perhaps it would be fairer

to speak of it as a book that Mr. Orrock had painted and for which Mr. Sparrow had provided the text; for it is hard to say to whom precedence should be given. Nor does it really matter. More to the point is the fact that the eighty full-page pictures, many of them in color, are strewn so thickly through the volume, that only four pages of type separate each from the one before or after it. The author comments on all, or nearly all of them, but he does not overpraise their fidelity and charm. Nor does he confine himself to comment on the pictures, but roams far and near in quest of matter germane to his theme. The sea and her coasts, old roads and bridges, churches and cathedrals, castles, manor-houses, farmhouses and cottages, windmills and sheep-folds, forests and the open country—of each and all of these he discourses lightly yet learnedly. His subject matter may be as old as the hills of Derby, but his manner is lively and up-to-date enough for the most hustling American reader. Even the word "trusts," in its present sense, creeps into his disquisition on things ancient and fair. And the book closes with a bitter outcry against free trade, and the importation into Old England of "alien outcasts"!



The Lounger



MR. W. J. LOCKE was in this country for only one month, and did not do much travelling, yet he saw a great deal that was worth seeing. His visit was well managed. He was not put on exhibition, but was treated as a visiting gentleman should be, and not as one who sought notoriety for business reasons. He was entertained at clubs and by private individuals and made many friends, but no press-agent filled the newspapers with his doings. The sort of books that Mr. Locke writes are not the sort to be boomed into popularity by sensational methods. They will be read when others that I will not mention are happily forgotten.



New York has had a good many slaps from opera-singers. Some time ago Miss Farrar was reported as having made sarcastic remarks about New York's pretensions to musical culture. Now Madame Schumann-Heinck comes forward and says that, while there are people here who appreciate art, "the dollar princesses and princes of New York need not consider that they

make that city the chief city of American art appreciation." Reports of prices paid to singers in America she considers grossly exaggerated, yet she admits that her one hundred and thirty concerts in the United States in 1897 netted her one thousand dollars each, while she received thirty thousand dollars for one hundred

songs sung into a phonograph. The authenticity of the interview may perhaps be questioned, or positively denied, before this paragraph is printed.



Every once in a while some one starts up a discussion on the subject of the short story. They say that it has degenerated, that no one is writing as good short stories as used to be written.

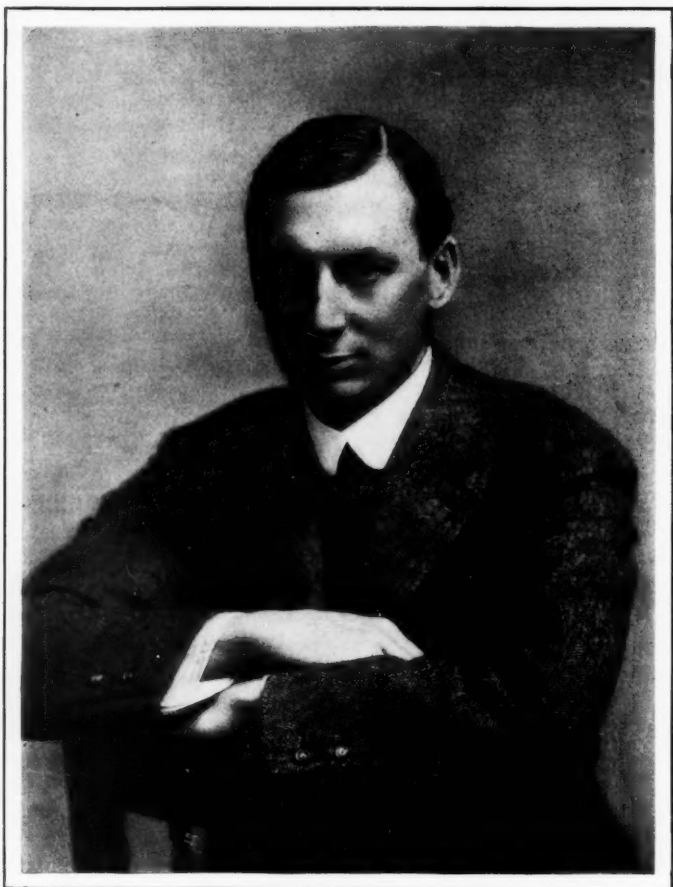
This, to my mind, is all nonsense. The same thing has been said from time immemorial. To be sure, we have to-day no Kipling, writing "Plain Tales from the Hills"; we have no Guy de Maupassant, writing psychological studies of French life in fiction form; nor have we our own Richard Harding Davis writing such



From a sketch by James Montgomery Flagg

W. J. LOCKE

Author of "The Beloved Vagabond"



EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

short stories as he used to write. I do not think that the short story has degenerated, but there are fewer of the best writers writing short stories than there used to be. The reason is a simple one: they can take the same plot and make a full-sized book. For the short story they would be paid, if they were very famous, one thousand dollars; for the book, which does not require very much more writing, they would get many thousands. In my humble opinion, there are still a number of good short-story writers, and I do not agree with those who are always gibing at magazine

stories as innocuous and not worth while.



"Over Bemberton's" by E. V. Lucas, is, as the author calls it, an easy-going chronicle." Modesty would prevent his saying more, but there is no reason why I should say that it is not only "easy going" but that it has that indescribable attraction that permeates everything that Mr. Lucas writes. He cannot get away from it, nor can we. As a story it does not count for much. There is no thrilling plot, no hairbreadth escapes and

yet we read on, and woe to him who comes between us and this simple tale of simple people.

I have been interested in what Mr. Rockefeller has had to say in the *World's Work* on the value of the coöperative principle in giving. Take the subject of the support of educational institutions, for instance. "I am told," he says, "by those who have given most careful study to this problem, that it is highly probable that enough money has been squandered on unwise projects, to have built up a national system of higher education adequate to our needs, if the money had been properly directed to that end." What Mr. Rockefeller advocates is concerted action in philanthropic work, and his arguments seem to me sound, though I have never had much experience in founding colleges or libraries.

COURT DIVORCE MILL WORKING OVERTIME

**Two Judges Handle Christmas
Rush and Dispose of 34
Cases in a Day.**

112 SUITS ON CALENDAR

The above headlines from the *New York Times* tell their own story. Sometime ago it was considered a disgrace to be divorced; now it is regarded rather as a distinction. What is a woman to do, asks those who are lenient in the matter, if she marries a man and he turns out to be a brute? And if a man marries a woman who proves to lack the qualities demanded of Cæsar's wife, must he go on living with her? No, this is not necessary; they can get a legal separation. A divorce, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, means a desire to marry again; and there have been 1,250,000 divorces in America in the past forty-two years. These figures speak for themselves.

The letters of Mrs. James G. Blaine published recently not only give us an interesting view of the family life of the famous statesman and politician, but they show us, at the same time, the simplicity of life in Washington a few decades ago. These letters, which have been collected and edited by the writer's daughter, Mrs. Beale, were not intended for publication. They are, in almost every instance, written to members of the family, beginning with the son, who was at school at Andover at the time; but even in these family letters, Mrs. Blaine writes exceedingly well, almost as though she had an eye to publication, which, I am sure, she had not. The life in Washington during the years when Mr. Blaine was powerful appears, in the light of the present day, as one of almost village simplicity. Mrs. Blaine, going to a White House reception, speaks with pride of her new bonnet and red shawl; later, a velvet dress, which she says will last her through the winter, is dwelt upon with all the pride of possession. Breakfasts were a form of entertainment in those days—not breakfasts at twelve and one o'clock, such as we have to-day, but breakfast at nine or half-past; not the European breakfasts now popular in America—a cup of coffee and a roll, but a substantial meal,—with beef-steaks, chops, eggs, potatoes, and buck-wheat cakes. To those early breakfasts, Senators and members of the Cabinet came, and ate with a relish.

One gets a very pleasant impression of Mrs. Blaine from these two volumes of letters; for while she was on the alert to help her husband in achieving his ambitions, she also gave the most detailed attention to her family, sewing for them, nursing them when they were sick, and looking after their education. She had her likes and her dislikes among public men and women. For President Arthur she had no good word; a tailor's dummy, with social aspirations, was all that he seemed to her. She did not care



THEODORE STANTON GOWNED AS A CORNELL
MASTER OF ARTS

much for Senator Frelinghuysen—or his daughters, either. (It will be remembered that Mr. Frelinghuysen succeeded Mr. Blaine as Secretary of State in President Arthur's Cabinet.) Her account of the assassination of President Garfield, and of the time that he hung between life and death, is exceedingly interesting; as also is the fact that Mr. Blaine virtually named Mr. Harrison's Cabinet.

For various reasons, publication of Mr. Theodore Stanton's "Manual of American Literature," the European edition of which will appear in the Tauchnitz Collection, has been delayed a whole year, the present date for its appearance being about the first of February. Mr. Stanton has enjoyed the collaboration of half a dozen professors in the English Department of Cornell University—his *alma mater*; and it is from the work of a distinguished member of the Cornell faculty—the late

Professor Tyler—that the chapters dealing with the Colonial and Revolutionary periods have been drawn. In this "Manual," for the first time, two famous anonymities will be unveiled, the late John Hay being authoritatively named as the writer of "The Bread-Winners" and his intimate friend Henry Adams as the author of that other once-popular novel, "Democracy."



Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer's comedy in four acts, "A Dinner of Herbs," was given by the pupils of the Empire Theatre Dramatic School in December. An audience representing literature and art filled the theatre. Considering that all the actors in the play were pupils of the Dramatic School, they are to be complimented on their success. I have my eye upon Miss Malvina Longfellow, who played the part of Romney Orme, and Mr. Alfred Cross, who played Edward Fraleigh. I think that these two young people are worth watching, and that they will do something in their profession some day. As for Mrs. Meyer's play, it has much in it that is interesting, but it lacks construction. She has made the mistake of thinking that good lines make a good play. The lines have comparatively little to do with it; you must look first to the construction and let the lines take care of themselves. There were too many lines in the first act, and there were too many lines in the last act. The second and third acts, however, were crisper and had interesting moments. If Mrs. Meyer wants her play to be produced by professionals, she must use the blue pencil freely.



When Dr. Grenfell was asked to write of Sir Frederick Treves, he hesitated for fear his intimacy with and admiration for the famous surgeon might prompt his pen to some extravagance or indiscretion. The editor thereupon sounded Sir Frederick himself, who readily accepted



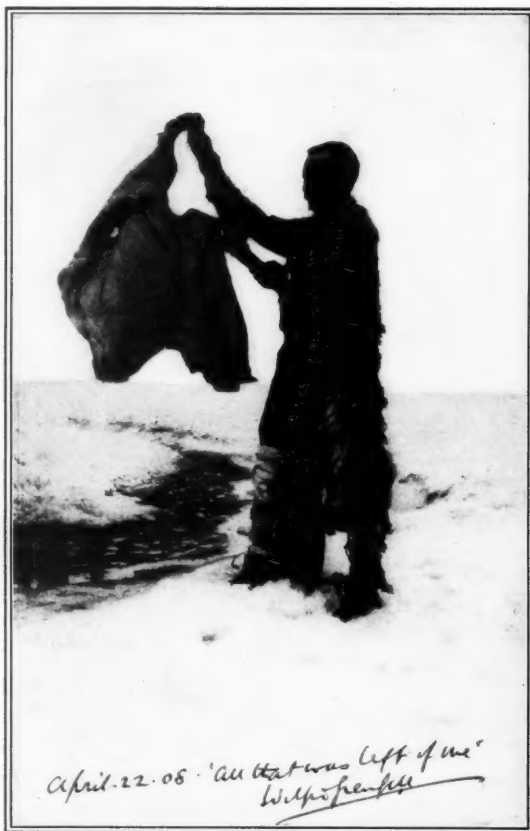
Photographed for PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE, 29 December, 1908, by Hollinger & Co.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL

the suggestion that reliance might be placed on his friend's good taste and discretion. The paper printed in this number of PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE shows how well grounded was this confidence. It sounds the note of praise, without sounding it too loudly. Indeed, Dr. Grenfell is an even greater admirer of his former chief than this article would indicate; for I have heard him say, "If one were to examine a stick that Sir Frederick had whittled, he would see at once

that it had been whittled by a man of genius."

It was after leaving Oxford, and when studying medicine in the London Hospital, that Grenfell of Labrador came into touch with Sir Frederick Treves, his senior by a decade. When his six years were up, he went out on the medical mission ship maintained in the North Sea by the Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen—a service which had been established after a favorable



DR. GRENFELL AFTER HIS EASTER ADVENTURE ON AN ICE-PAN

report by Sir Frederick himself, who had gone down to the Dogger Bank in one of the fishermen's boats; and it was after a heart-to-heart talk with his chief that Dr. Grenfell decided, later on, to devote his life to the welfare of the fisherfolk. He began his labors on the coast of Labrador in 1892, and his success has probably exceeded his most sanguine expectations.

Every winter he comes to "the States" to raise money for his work, and there are several Grenfell Associations to aid him besides the main one here in New York. This

year the object he has most at heart is the rehabilitation of the Sailors' Home at St. John's, Newfoundland. Especially needed in this connection is a bathing pool in the basement, which would add about ten thousand dollars to the cost of the building. Some eighty thousand deep-sea fishermen land at St. John's annually, and little or no provision is made for their care and comfort while in port. The new Home would provide a headquarters for them; and in the tank they could learn to swim—an accomplishment which the coldness of the northern sea prevents their acquiring. For lack of this accomplishment, the captain of one of Dr. Grenfell's own schooners, the "Lorna Doone," was drowned last November. But for the fact that he is a swimmer, and a powerful one, the Doctor himself would have lost his

life last Easter Sunday, when he and his dogs were carried out to sea on an ice-pan, off the coast of Labrador. Dr. Grenfell makes his first trip to the West this season, his journey taking him to Kansas, Arizona and California.

22

When I asked Miss Terry, some fifteen years ago, to write her autobiography, she replied that she was an actress, not a writer. She has changed her mind since, and has proved that she was wrong, for in her published autobiography she shows genuine talent for writing. The book is not

conspicuous for its literary style, but it is conspicuous for what the late Augustin Daly called "contemporaneous human interest." I have heard the book criticised as being a little too outspoken, but that can hardly be called a fault: most autobiographies are not outspoken enough. Miss Terry tells us that it was the late Tom Taylor who introduced her to her first husband, George Frederick Watts. At the time of her marriage, Miss Terry was only sixteen. It was a case of summer and winter, and the two seasons are not supposed to agree. Miss Terry speaks as though her marriage with Mr. Watts had not been an unhappy one, and that friends brought about the separation, not she or Mr. Watts. It is quite true that he always had a kindly feeling toward Miss Terry, and whatever blame there was he took upon himself. As he once told a friend of mine, a man of his age should not have married a young girl.

22

I have always heard that it was the late clever, but eccentric, Lady Holland who made the match between Mr. Watts and Miss Terry. The artist lived at Little Holland House, which stood in Holland Park, and he was very intimate with the inmates of that famous mansion, Holland House proper. Miss Terry, then little more than a child, was a pet of Lady Holland's, and it was at the house of the latter, I have always understood, that Mr. Watts and Miss Terry first met; but she says it was Tom Taylor who introduced her to her future husband, and she ought to know.

23

Apropos of Lady Holland, two most delightful volumes have recently been published containing her journals. She was, as I have said, a clever woman and an eccentric one. Her first marriage was unfortunate. She, like Miss Terry, was much younger than her husband; she enjoyed life

and all that it meant: her husband cared only for his home in the country and such entertainment as he found there. Lord Holland was little more than a boy when Lady Holland first met him, somewhere abroad. It seems to have been a case of love at first sight, for they travelled together, and she finally arranged things so that her husband got a divorce from her. She was very fearful at one time that he would not do so. He seemed to be indifferent, but with coaxing he was induced to carry on the suit and had no trouble in being liberated. Lord Holland immediately married the divorced wife and, as the story-books say, they lived happily ever afterwards. She was just the wife for him. She made Holland House the resort of the cleverest men and women of her time. Thousands of anecdotes could be told of the life there when she was its mistress.

The only other person besides Mr. Watts who had a slice of Holland Park was an Irish-American gentleman by the name of James McHenry. He, too, was intimate at Holland House, and after Lady Holland's death had the privilege of taking any of his friends through the place and into rooms that were denied to the general public. Some years ago I had the pleasure of going through Holland House with Mr. McHenry as guide. He told me that he had taken Mrs. Grant through the place some time before, but that the General had sat outside and smoked his cigar, saying, with his usual frankness, that he did not care for such things, and would prefer to enjoy himself in the open with his cigar rather than go through the house without it. Mr. McHenry, who died some years ago, had had an interesting career, and I imagine that his picturesqueness attracted Lady Holland, who did not care much what a man's record might be if he amused her. Among the books of his library was one on the scandals of Holland House, which, I believe, had been privately printed. I asked him if he



From a sketch by Christina Wright

ISADORA DUNCAN

put it out of sight when Lady Holland called, and he said, on the contrary, that it was always in plain sight, and that no one enjoyed reading it more than she did.



I understand that Miss Isadora Duncan is not pleased with the atti-

tude of the average American toward classic dancing. She is quoted as saying that her efforts to establish a school for teaching young Americans to dance after the manner of the ancient Greeks has not been successful. President G. Stanley Hall and Dr. D. A. Sargent are on Miss Duncan's side. They believe in danc-



STATUE DESIGNED BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE TO SURMOUNT THE PROPOSED
MONUMENT TO ALEXANDER HAMILTON IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON

ing as healthful and beautifying; but it is one thing to believe and another to make the public believe. Certainly Miss Duncan's dancing was greatly admired and highly praised.

22

The Lincoln Memorial Association, of whose Executive Committee the

veteran Major-General O. O. Howard is Chairman, has given its official approval to the Constitutional Edition of the Works of Abraham Lincoln, and Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, the publishers, pay a certain sum into the treasury of the Association for every subscription received. The Hamilton Memorial Association, also,

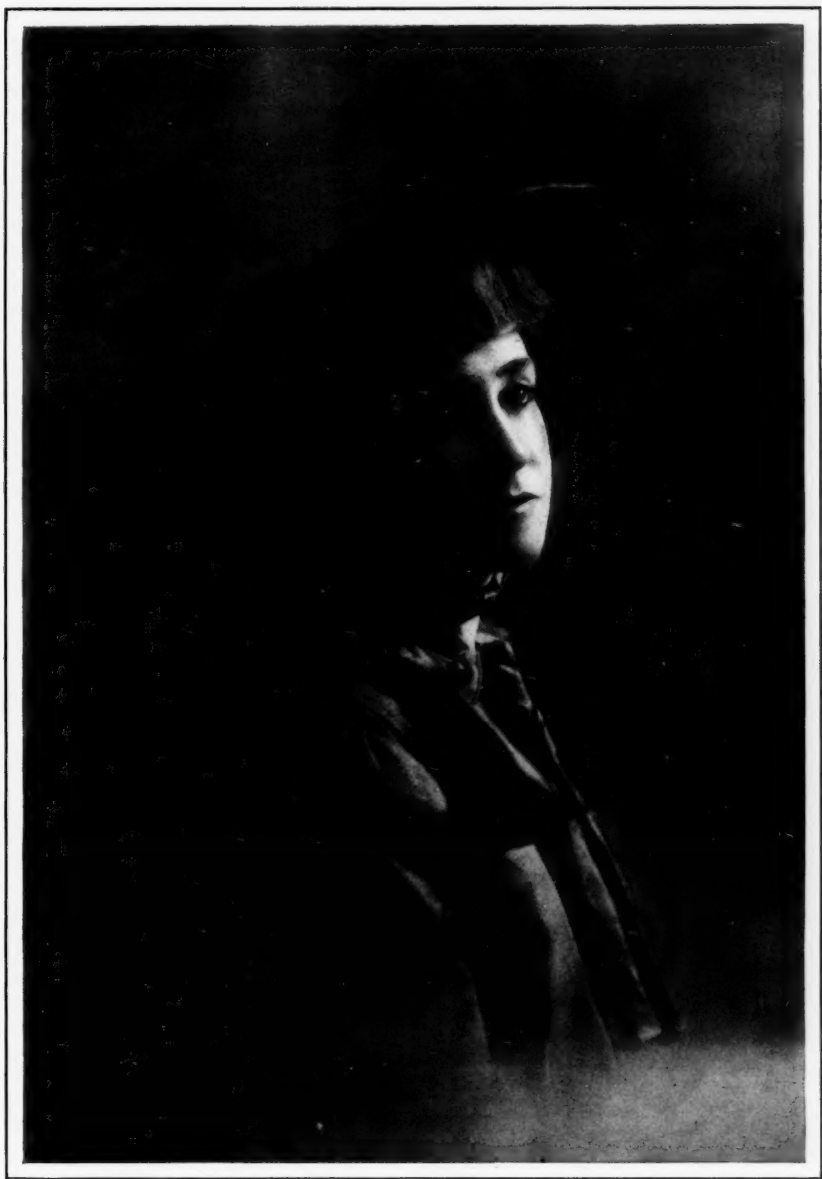
of which Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court is President, has in like manner approved the Constitutional Edition of the Works of Alexander Hamilton. The two Associations are of the opinion that such editions constitute, in themselves, dignified and appropriate memorials of the great men whose words are thus preserved and disseminated. The photograph on page 633 reproduces the model of a statue of Hamilton, designed by Mr. W. O. Partridge, at the request of the Committee, as part of the proposed monument in Washington.

The theatrical season now at its height in New York is conspicuous for the number of American plays to be seen. Not only are they American, but, curiously enough, most of them are the first plays of their authors. And not only are these plays written by Americans, but their subjects are typically American; and this largely accounts for their popularity. Mrs. Fiske's "Salvation Nell" is the work of Mr. Edward Sheldon, a young man just out of Harvard University. This play is not, perhaps, as typically American as are the three or four others to be mentioned. It would be as popular in England, for instance, as it is here, for the reason that the characters might be the same in any country, and if Mrs. Fiske takes it to London, as there is some talk of her doing—and particularly if she takes the company that she has with her,—I can see no reason why it should not be successful. It is the story of a poor, degraded woman, who earns her bread as a charwoman in a barroom. Her relations with the hero of the play, if hero he may be called, are not quite proper. She loves the man and he, in his brutish way, loves her. He is sent to prison for the crime of murder committed in her defence, and she falls under the influence of the Salvation Army. Despite many temptations to go back to her old life, she devotes herself to her child whom she

is trying to bring up properly. The man, Jim Platt, admirably played by Mr. Holbrook Blinn, comes back to her after he has served his sentence in the State Prison, and at the end we are given to believe that he has seen the error of his ways and reformed.

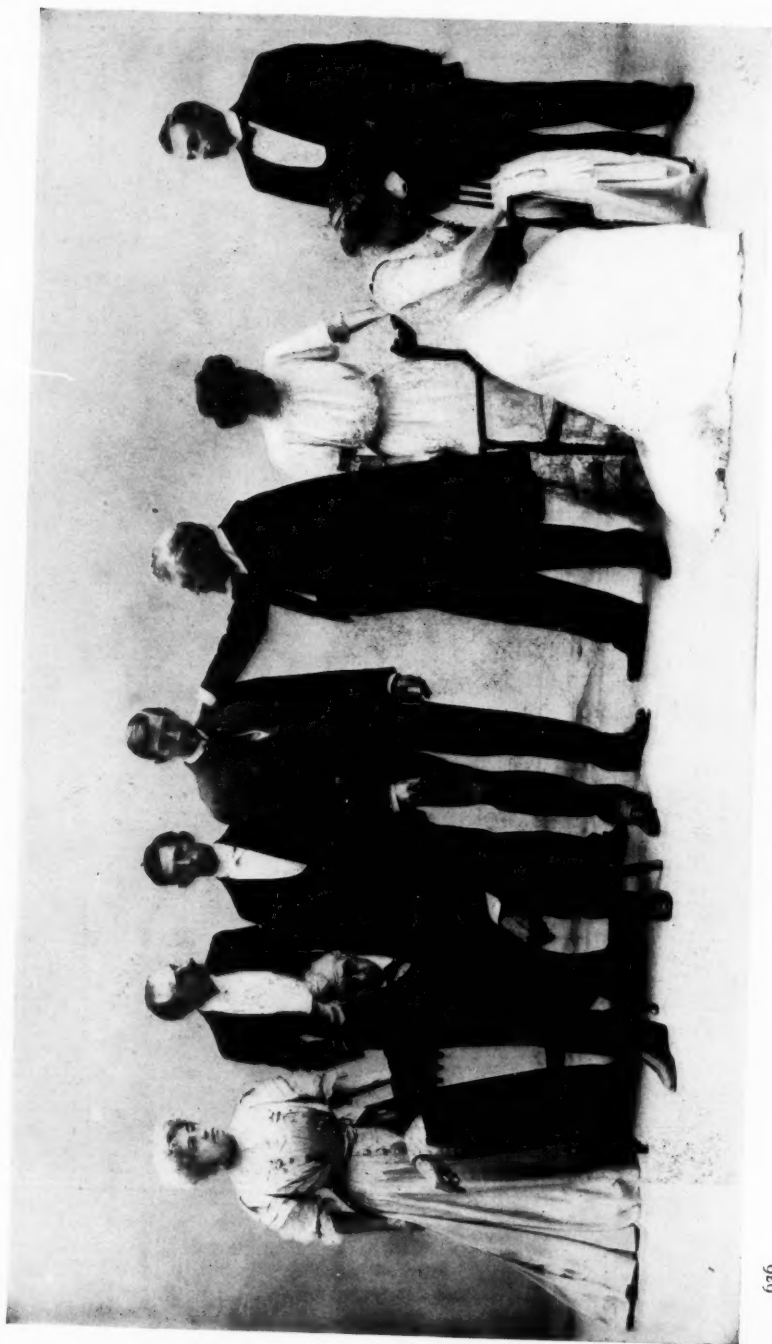
The play is in three acts, and the scenes are laid in the slums. The first one shows Christmas Eve at McGovern's Empire Bar, Tenth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street, New York. The second is a tenement flat near Cherry Street, on a night in July, eight years later; and the third is out on the sidewalk on Cherry Hill in the evening, a week later still. The scenes are very realistic and exceedingly well arranged. The life of the tenements and of the streets is an absolute picture from real life. While this realism attracts audiences, it is Mrs. Fiske's acting that holds them. Mrs. Fiske occupies a unique position. She has stood out against the so-called theatrical syndicate and held her own in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles. In certain circles she is almost a cult.

Of the eight American plays now running in New York, Mrs. Fiske's is the most serious, the others being more in the line of comedy. "The Man from Home," written by Mr. Booth Tarkington and Mr. Harry Leon Wilson, ran for the whole season in Chicago last year, and will undoubtedly run through the entire season in New York. It is not in the least like Mr. Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire," but is a comedy racy of the soil. The hero, admirably played by Mr. William Hodge, is supposed to be a native of Indiana, who goes abroad, and in his breezy, American manner routs all the nobility and gentry who lay elaborate plans for his discomfiture. "The Gentleman from Mississippi" is the work of a new writer, Mr. Harrison Rhodes, who, like the author of "Salvation Nell," is a Harvard graduate. This is not



Photograph by Otto Sarony Co.

MRS. FISKE AS "SALVATION NELL."



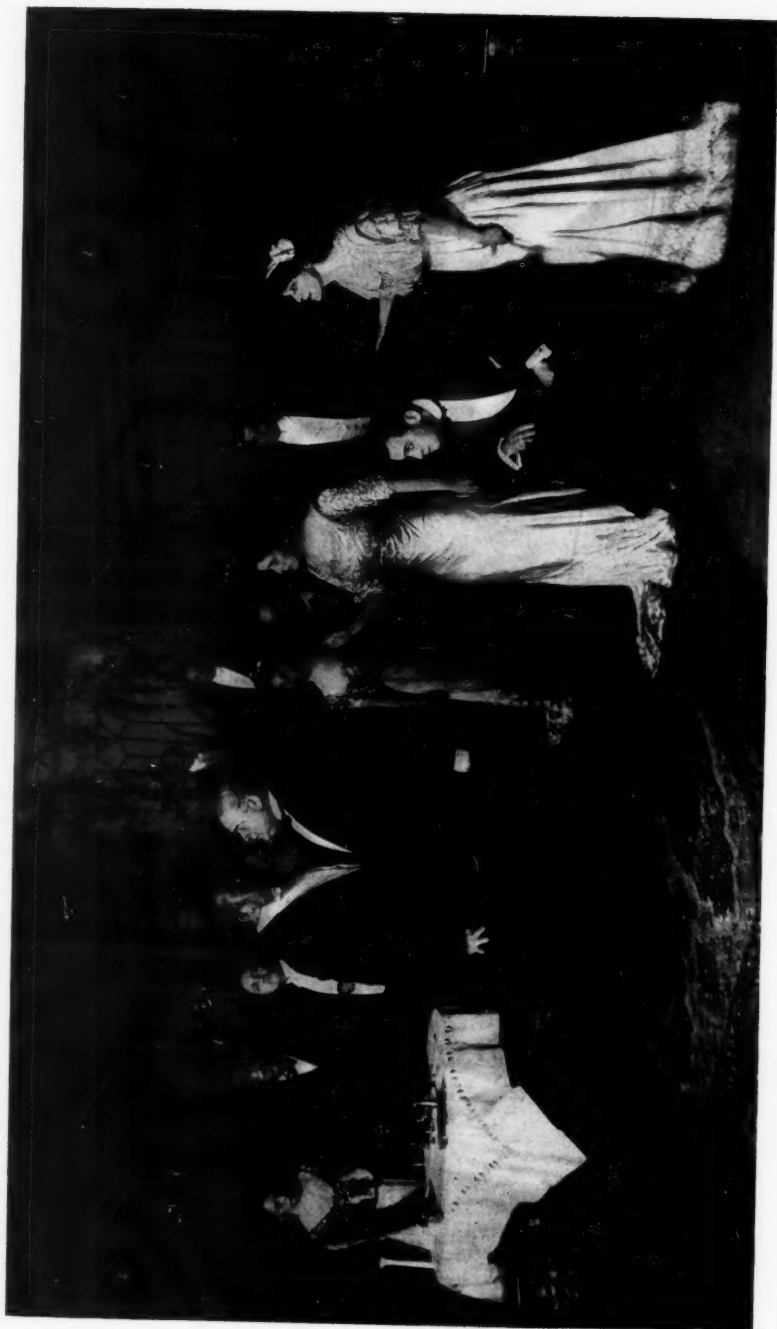
altogether his first play, for some time ago he wrote in collaboration with Mr. Anthony Hope a comedy called "Captain Dieppe," which was played in New York by Mr. John Drew, but was not a great success, as "The Gentleman from Mississippi" is. American audiences like this play, because there is so much in it of the life they are familiar with. The senators are old friends of the public; but that does not mean that the play is not original. It is decidedly so, and most entertaining. The man from Mississippi is a high-minded, gentle soul, dragged into politics because the politicians of his State believe he will be so easy to manage that they can get him to do anything they wish, his reputation for high-mindedness being their greatest asset. The politicians buy up some land with the intention of getting the government to build docks along the water-front, which will add to its value and enable them to sell out to the government at a very handsome profit. The senator, not discovering their object, falls into the trap, buys the land and votes for the bill.

Through his secretary—an admirable part, admirably played—he learns of the trick. His indignation knows no bounds. He meets his fellow-senators, and they, seeing that he is in a state of mind, become nervous, and ask him what he is going to do. "What am I going to do?" he shouts at them. "Come to my office to-morrow morning at half-past twelve and see." Quailing at these ominous words they hastily retire. This leaves no one on the stage but the senator and his secretary. The latter turns to him and says anxiously, "What are you going to do to-morrow at twelve-thirty?" The senator looks at him for a moment and answers, "Damned if I know!" At which the curtain goes down amid wild applause. As a matter of fact, he does not know what he is going to do, but he thinks it over, and by twelve-thirty the next day, when his brother

senators arrive, he has made up his mind. He insists, then and there, upon their selling the land to the government at the price they paid for it, and he has them in such a tight place that they agree to do so. The play is not all politics; there is a pretty love episode between the senator's daughter and the secretary, and everything turns out all right in the end, although at first it looks bad for the secretary.

Another successful American play is "The Fighting Hope," by William J. Hurlbert. This, too, is a first play. There are only half a dozen characters in it, of which Miss Blanche Bates is the principal—in other words, the "star." Miss Bates is a handsome woman and a dashing actress of the Di Vernon, Lady Gay Spanker type. Like the plays already mentioned, this has been a great success and will probably run through the season. Still another first play is "Mary Jane's Pa," which is advertised by its manager, Mr. Henry W. Savage, as "the great home play." Mr. Henry C. Dixey plays the title rôle, and it is one of the best of the many good things that he has done. The author of this play is billed as Miss Edith Ellis, but I believe her full name is Mrs. Edith Ellis Baker.

One of the most amusing plays before the New York public is "The Travelling Salesman," by Mr. James Forbes, the author of "The Chorus Lady," which latter, I believe, will be produced in London by Miss Rose Stahl, during the coming season. If London liked it as a one-act play, it will like it better as a four-act play. To have written two such successful plays is no small accomplishment. There are thousands who think "The Travelling Salesman" is even more amusing than "The Chorus Lady." However this may be, it is amusing enough without making comparisons. The play is in four acts and opens in a railway station on Christmas day.



Into this station comes "The Travelling Salesman," Bob Blake, a typical city "drummer."

Then he asks the girl at the ticket office which is the best hotel in town and she tells him that the "Elite" is. The name is too highfalutin to suggest much comfort, but as the only hotel he goes there. The next act shows us Blake's room at the Elite Hotel on Christmas night. It is a large room with the usual furniture and "sample tables." There are three large trunks standing against the wall, and ladies' suits, for which he is salesman, are spread out everywhere. Other "drummers" come in, and the conversation of these "traveling gentlemen," which is filled with slang, keeps the audience convulsed with laughter. They ring the bell and order drinks. The colored man who answers it, says, "I can't serve no drinks."

BLAKE. "What kind of a stall are you giving me?"

COLORADO BOY. "Taint no stall. It's solemn fact. Clerk won't allow it."

BLAKE. "You go down and tell that harp in the office that the gentleman in 25 has a chill—make it four chills."

After they get something to relieve the four chills they joke and sing and have a jolly good time. In the cold light of type this dialogue does not seem so funny, but as given by

the actors on the stage it is very amusing. It all goes with a rush and carries the audience along with it.

22

The London *Academy* under the editorship of Lord Alfred Bruce Douglas, seems to be qualifying for the position held at one time by the *Saturday Review*. Its editorial notes are really editorial snarls. It is also taking up the *Saturday's* idea of pitching into Americans and everything American, but as it pitches into England and things English as well, we have no special grievance.

23

If the English suffragettes continue to chain themselves to the grill in the women's gallery of the House of Commons and to the chairs at public meetings, the London "bobbies" will in the future have to discard their clubs and go their rounds armed with files.

24

A New York florist who has gone into bankruptcy is credited with saying that he had millionaire customers who spent one thousand dollars a week on flowers for chorus girls. He added to this statement that some of the girls earned only twelve dollars a week, and had confided to him that they would rather have food and clothes than flowers.



SCENE FROM "THE TRAVELLING SALESMAN"



Noteworthy Books of the Month



History and Biography

Bradley, A. G.
Dennistoun, James.
Ilchester, Earl of.
Laut, Agnes C.
Nicoll, Robertson.

Noyes, Alfred.

Ross, Robert.

The Making of Canada.
Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino.
The Journal of Elizabeth, Lady Holland.
The Conquest of the Great Northwest.
"Ian Maclaren": Life of the Rev.
John Watson.
William Morris (English Men of Letters
Series).
Aubrey Beardsley: A Biography.

Dutton.
Lane.
Longmans.
Outing.
Dodd, Mead.
Macmillan.
Lane.

Poetry and Belles-Lettres

Benson, Arthur Christopher.
Kennedy, Charles Rann.
Lodge, George Cabot.
Moulton, Louise Chandler.
Mumford, James G.
Stevenson, Burton Egbert.
Thompson, Francis.

Poems.
The Winter Feast.
Herakles.
Poems and Sonnets.
Surgical Memoirs.
Poems of American History.
Selected Poems.

Lane.
Harper.
Houghton.
Little, Brown.
Moffat, Yard.
Houghton.
Lane.

Travel and Description

Chapman, Frank M.
Filippi, Filippo de.

Genthe, Arnold, & Will Irwin.
Thackeray, Lance.

Camps and Cruises of an Ornithologist.
Ruwenzori: An Account of the Expedi-
tion of H. R. H. Prince Luigi Amedeo
of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi.
Pictures of Old Chinatown.
The Light Side of Egypt.

Appleton.
Dutton
Moffat, Yard.
Macmillan.

Fiction

Bazin, René.
Cena, Giovanni.
Henry, O.
Kelly, Myra.
Locke, William J.
Roberts, Morley.
Orczy, Baroness.
Paine, Ralph D.
Tarkington, Booth, and Harry
Leon Wilson.
Weale, B. L. Putnam.

This, My Son.
The Forewarners.
The Gentle Gaffer.
Rosnah.
Septimus.
David Bran.
The Elusive Pimpernel.
The Stroke Oar.

The Man from Home.
The Forbidden Boundary, and Other
Stories.

Scribners.
Doubleday.
Doubleday.
Appleton.
Lane.
Page.
Dodd, Mead.
Outing.

Harper.
Macmillan.

Miscellaneous

Butler, Nicholas Murray.
Frothingham, Arthur L.

Hearne, R. P.
Krehbiel, Henry E.
Lowell, Percival.
Royce, Josiah.

Schouler, James.

The American as He Is.
The Monuments of Christian Rome, from
Constantine to the Renaissance.
Aërial Warfare.
Chapters of Opera.
Mars as the Abode of Life.
Race Questions, Provincialism, and
Other American Problems.
Ideals of the Republic.

Macmillan.
Macmillan.
Lane.
Holt.
Macmillan.
Macmillan.
Little, Brown.

Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. Books bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.

